



Welcome To The Loser's Club by Hxcl0serrr

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Summary: Emarosa Morales is a 13 year old who just moved to Derry. Since being in Derry, she lost her older brother. Her father dead, her mother an alcoholic. Looking forward to summer as every kid should, things take a dark turn when Emma's fears and darkest secrets begin to come to light among her newfound friends, the Loser's. Rated M to due to language & certain trigger topics[RichieXOC]

1. 1) Stairway to Heaven

A/N: Hello everyone! Man, I have not written anything in a while but as of recently I did get inspired so, I decided to write this piece. This story does contain triggers for physical abuse and sexual abuse so please be advised that you are reading at your own risk if you are easily triggered by said topics.

I hope you enjoy this first chapter! Please, feel freed to leave reviews, let me know how I did, favorite, follow, or even PM me. Thanks again! Let's get started! Also, I only own my OC'S, I do not own IT or any of the characters!

Giggling was heard from the front of the house. Curious, Emarosa peeked down the hallway, towards the front door. She made her way down the hallway, crossing her arms over her chest. There at the front door, getting kissed all over by Oscar 'Butch' Bowers, was her mother, Deidra Morales. The smell of alcohol flooded her nostrils, making her scrunch up her nose. She watched as Oscar smiled at her mother before kissing her cheek one more time. Walking out he turned back around and noticed Emma, he did a slight wave before getting in to his car, causing Emma to roll her eyes. She stared in disgust as her mother waved, staring after Oscar in a daze.

"How's Rena Davenport? Considering you are screwing her man and all." The disgust rolled off of Emarosa's tongue. Deidra turned around with a sigh.

"You don't understand what me and Butch have, Emma." She slurred. Emma raised an eyebrow.

"No? But that over there does?" The almost teen questioned as she motioned her head over to the empty bottle of whiskey on the dining table. Deidra rubbed her temples.

"Em,"

"I thought you quit." Emma interrupted. Deidra stepped forward, placing her hands on her daughters shoulders.

"Sweetie, I did. It was just one time." The smell of alcohol was now on her mothers breath, making Emma scrunch up her nose again, shrugging the hands off her shoulders.

"If Kurt were here-" Emma felt a sting on her left cheek. The impact of her mother's hand caused her to hold her hand to her cheek.

"Kurtis is dead, Emarosa! Dead! Meaning he is never coming back!"

Deidra shouted. Emarosa felt tears sting, threatening to spill from her eyes. Breathing heavily, she fought back against the tears. Realizing what she had done, Deidra's hand clasped over her mouth. "Sweetheart, I am so-

"And who is to fucking blame for that?" Emma questioned. She could no longer fight back the tears, as they begin to spill from her chocolate brown eyes, trailing down her cheeks. She hated crying. Crying was a sign of weakness, but when it came to Kurt, she could never stop it. Her mother began to sob. "If you were just strong enough to leave, my brother would still be here...and I wouldn't have had to...to..." Emma trailed off as she became lost in her own thoughts. Today her brother would have been eighteen. Eighteen and off to college.

*****Six Months Ago*****

*If there's a bustle in your hedgerow
Don't be alarmed now
It's just a spring clean for the may queen
Yes, there are the paths you can go by
But in the long run
There's still time to change the road you're on*

"Who's this again?" Emma asked. "This song is long but I really like it!"

"This is Led Zeppelin, little sis! Look, look! This sick solo is about to come on!" Kurt exclaimed as he pointed back at the radio with his thumb. As the solo started, Emma watched Kurt play air guitar. His eyes lit up as he looked back at the younger sibling. His shaggy hair, almost covering his light brown eyes, a mess. After the solo, he cupped his hands in to an imaginary mic. "*And as we wind on down the road, our shadows, taller than our souls. There walks a lady we all know, who shines white light and wants to show, how everything still turns to go-old. And if you listen very hard, the tune will come to you, at last. When all are one and one is all, yeah! To be a rock and not to roll,*" She watched in amazement as her brother vocalized perfectly. "*And she's buying a stairway to heaven.*" He finished, wearing his famous goofy grin. Emma couldn't help but return the same goofy grin.

"That was so rad!" she exclaimed, making him chuckle at her excitement. He plopped himself down on his bed as the younger

sibling joined him. She groaned as he roughed up her hair, making him laugh harder. This was something they did every day. Sit in his room and listen to music for most of the evening. "It's going to suck when you leave." she finally said. They never talked much about him leaving for college. It was too hard to talk about. The thought of not being able to see her older brother every day worried her. Who would protect her from being the new target of the racist Henry Bowers. Who would show her cool new music and jam with her. Who would be there when she needed someone to talk to or even just vent to about dumb school stuff. Or-

"Sis, helloooo!" Kurt waved his hand in front of Emma's face. The preteen blinked a couple of times before coming back to reality. She looked up to be met by the older siblings concerned and worried gaze. "Did you hear me at all?" he asked.

"Sorry, bro. I didn't mean to zone out like that. What did you say?" Kurt sighed as he pushed back his shaggy hair, out of his face.

"I was saying not to worry so much, Emma. I'm always going to be around, especially to check up on you. Make sure you stay out of trouble. I'm always going to take care of you, you know that right? If that Bowers boy gives you any more problems, you give me a call, I'll be there." *It wasn't the same* and she knew he knew it. Why couldn't he just take her with him? He put a hand on her shoulder as she nodded. "I'll always be your big brother, Emma. Always." He flashed one of his rare, sincere, loving smiles as he wrapped his arm around her shoulders in a sort of side embrace. He kissed the top of her head. Interrupting the special moment and bond between the siblings, a high pitched scream was heard from outside of the room along with the sound of glass crashing.

"Why the fuck can't you do anything right, you stupid bitch!?" the sound of their father, Augustine Morales' voice boomed. Kurt jumped up to his feet.

"Emma, stay here. Do not leave this room, do you hear me?" he instructed as he always did. Before she could answer, he left the room, closing the door behind him. Emma hurried to the door and pressed her ear against it. "Leave her the hell alone already, you bastard!" Kurt growled.

"Stay out of this Kurtis!" Augustine barked back. There was a few moments of silence before the sound of dishes shattering again interrupted, making Emma jump. "You want some too, boy? Oh, I'll give it to you alright!" Augustine yelled. Although Kurt told her to

stay behind, in her gut she felt something was off. Worry began to take over as Emarosa slowly opened the door. She could hear punches landing, making her wince along with the sound of Kurt's grunts from the impact. Slowly, she exited the room and crept down the hallway. She noticed the kitchen table flipped over with broken plates and food on the ground. Her mother, covered in bruises, cowered in the corner. It was the same routine every day. Her father would come home, beat her mother, Kurt would get involved, get beat himself, then their father would leave to go get pissed at the bar. Somehow this time seemed different. Emma gasped as she witnessed Augustine delivering blow after blow with Kurt pinned to the ground. She never witnessed the actual beatings themselves before. With each blow, Kurt began to spit up and cough up blood. "I'm tired of you thinking you're so much better than me! Going off to some fancy fucking college because you think you're so smart! I'll show you smart!" Kurt's face was bloody and swelling up.

"Daddy, stop it!" Emma cried as tears poured out of her eyes. She was now by the kitchen counter, on the floor in front of the two on the ground. *Something shined in the corner of her eye.*

"Emma," her brother started weakly. "...go..go back to the room..." he choked out. Augustine wrapped his hands around Kurt's throat as Emma watched in horror while Kurt clawed at his father's hands.

"I heard enough out of you, boy!" Augustine growled through clenched teeth. He leaned in to Kurt's ear and whispered something inaudible to Emma. Kurt's eyes widened as he began fighting back harder than earlier.

"Don't...Don't you fucking touch her, you monster!" Kurt managed to hoarsely get out as he felt his father crushing his windpipes.

"Daddy, please!" Emma cried again. Kurt's motions began to slow as he tried clawing at his father's face before his movements began to seize, entirely. Tears streamed down his face as he looked over at Emma, mouthing the words 'I'm sorry.' as Augustine squeezed harder. He reached out to Emma mouthing one last word:

'Run'

Then his hand dropped as he laid there completely motionless, the life leaving his eyes, dead eyes fixed on Emma.

"Brother!" She sobbed as Augustine chuckled. He slowly stood up from the ground and kicked Kurt's motionless body as he wiped the sweat from his forehead. He then turned to look at Emma with a menacing grin. If there was anything to describe the look on his face,

it was pure evil. Blood splattered across his face and clothes, a slight bruise forming in the lower left corner of his mouth.

"Didn't big brother tell you to stay in your room, Emarosa?" Augustine questioned. His voice sent chills down her spine as she scrambled to her feet. "You've been a very, very naughty girl, Ems." he mumbled, as he undid his belt. Her eyes widened almost enough to bulge out of her eye sockets.

"Daddy," she choked. "Please, stop." she pleaded as she backed away, Augustine clicked his tongue as Emma shot a glance over at her mother who covered her face in shame, while she sobbed. "Mommy?" Emma called. Her father's hand shot over to her, grabbing a handful of her hair. She shouted in pain as she grabbed the counter with one hand as the other reached for the hand nearly ripping out her hair, making him pull it harder as he wrapped it around his hand. *Something shined in the corner of her eye again.* "Daddy, stop!" She begged as he stuck his hand down his pants with a slight moan, as he shoved her over the counter. He leaned over to her ear as she whimpered, feeling him press up against her.

"Now let's see if you're better than your mother." She could smell the alcohol on his breath.

"I said STOP!" She screamed.

PRESENT DAY

Emma's vision blurred at the memory, more tears threatening to spill. "And you just let it all happen." she mumbled. She brushed past her mother and out the front door. She grabbed her red and black bike off the grass and swung her leg over. She began to pedal, slow at first as she inhaled the fresh smell of the crisp Saturday morning air. She began to pick up speed as her long brown hair whipped violently behind her. She loved music more than anything, thanks to her brother, but next to music, riding was the next best thing. Emma closed her eyes as she enjoyed the breeze.

"Hey, watch the fuck out!" Emma's eyes shot open as she skid her feet on the ground.

"Shit!" she cursed as she flew off the bike to avoid the other cyclist.

"Who the hell rides with their eyes closed!" The boy shouted as he rode circles around Emma and her bike. "And what the hell, don't you know how to break? Wait a minute, do you even have breaks!?" The

boy stopped as he squinted at her bike. Annoyed by the questions, she sat up and examined the road rash on her leg and sighed.

"No, it's fixed gear. Ever heard of a fixie, kid?" The brunette finally glanced up to get a good look at the pest. He was pale with dark shaggy hair and big dark glasses.

"Kid? What the fuck? We're the same age, Dummy! Wait. Hey, you're that new girl, right? Not new, new. But new!" She sighed. It was fucking obvious who he was now, now that he had a loud mouth and wouldn't shut up.

It was Richie. Richie Fucking 'Trash Mouth' Tozier.

A/N: Well I really hope you enjoyed that chapter! Again feel free to review, favorite, and/or follow! I'd appreciate it so much! Until next time!

2. 2) Cemetery Weather

A/N: Okay, so hiii every one! We're back with chapter two. I worked on this chapter for a few days now! I understand right now the story is a little slow but I'm trying to build up, I really am. I want it to seem like its buildable between my OC's relationships with the Losers, so just bare with me! Also my other OC is coming soon! Just not this chapter :(Well, I really hope you guys enjoy but I'm going to stop yapping now. Enjoy!

"Yeah and you're the loud mouth that sits behind me in English." Emma scowled at the annoyance in front of her as she dusted herself off.

"Loud mouth?" The boy glared through his thick framed glasses at the small girl. "That's Trashmouth to you Señorita!" he corrected in a poorly done Mexican accent. The girl raised an eyebrow as she crossed her arms. "Oh wait! Shit! I didn't-" Realizing his mistake, he shut his mouth and face palmed. He didn't want to offend her. How could be so insensitive? Henry bullied her for being Hispanic and he didn't want her to think he was like him. He just wanted to make her laugh.

"Whatever, Doofus." she started as she brushed past him, picking up her bike. "I got somewhere to be." She finished as she turned around to stick out her tongue, flipping him off with a wink. He sighed out of relief, seeing as she didn't take offense. Then it clicked.

"Huh? Doofus?" he questioned as he looked up. He noticed she already began riding away. "Hey, wait up!" He called as he ran forward. "Wait...what am I doing? I have a bike!" he ran back over to his bike, hoping he wouldn't lose her and swung his leg over and pedaled after the brunette. "Maybe I really am a Doofus." he mumbled.

~Derry Cemetery~

Her knees felt like jelly as she shivered at the fall breeze kissing her bare arms. She took a deep breath as she folded her arms together, entering the cemetery. She looked back to her bike on the ground that she had dropped moments earlier. Biting the inside of her cheek, she continued down the path, searching the cemented plaques of lost

loved ones until she came face to face with a familiar one.

***Here Lies Kurtis Mauricio Morales.
September 26th, 1970-March 21st 1988
Forever in our hearts.
Beloved Brother and Son***

Seeing the last part made her scoff as she narrowed her eyes at "and Son". She sat next to the head stone and closed her eyes, trying to think back to all the memories she held dear as she petted the ground beneath her. She missed him. Officially this was the first time she came to see him after the funeral.

"She won't even come to see you on your birthday," Emma mumbled with a sorrowful expression. "She won't even talk about you, hell I got slapped for saying you wouldn't approve of what she's doing. She started drinking again. She's even seeing Henry's dad...the man who came to the crime scene..." She felt the tears sting her eyes and her vision threatened to blur. The wind howled. "I know you'd tell me to be patient with her because she's going through it in her own way, but it's not fair, Brother." a tear rolled down her cheek and she quickly wiped it away. Her chest felt heavy as the wind howled slightly louder and her hair whipped around violently in to the fall air. She felt it as a sign. "I know," her voice cracked as she hugged her knees to her chest. "A Morales never shows vulnerability. They show strength..." she trailed off. That was something Kurt always told her whenever she was about to cry, whether it was because of her being bullied or because she got hurt or fell off her bike. He always would tell her that and she would put on a brave face. He was the reason why she rarely cried. The only time she would cry was about when she was alone and missing her big.

In the distance, Richie stood at the cemetery entrance and stared at the girl. He was conflicted on going over to comfort the girl or leaving her to grieve. He watched as she buried her head into her arms over her knees. He remembered running in to Kurt Morales a few times with the Losers. Hell, even he protected the Losers from Henry the first time they met. He liked to think Kurt was a friend even though he was way older and only hung out a couple of times before the incident. He shut his eyes tight feeling his eyes sting.

******8 Months Ago******

"Hey, asshole!" Richie growled as Patrick Hocksetter pushed Eddie to the ground as he rummaged through his fanny pack to find his inhaler. Belch Huggins grabbed Bill by his backpack and pulled him back, causing him to stumble. Stan struggled to get back on his feet after Vic just tripped him and threatened to hit him. Lastly, Henry Bowers roughly brushed past Richie, then turned to face him.

"You say something fuck face?" Henry questioned with a raised eyebrow.

"Yeah, I-" Richie started before seeing Henry's smirk fade into a scowl. A hand was placed on Richie's shoulder, causing him to turn around and be faced by a tall teen with his hair slicked back as he glared daggers at all four of the bullies."

Have you nothing better to do than pick on kids three years younger than you?" The older boy asked coldly as he locked glares with Henry. "Aren't you in high school, Henry? Oh, that's right! You're too fucking stupid and got held back!" The Hispanic boy teased. Henry's glare darkened as he took a step forward.

"That's none of your business, wetback." Henry mumbled. The mysterious teen also stepped forward in front of Richie, bending down to Henry's ear.

"Yeah? Well you're going to listen to me you hillbilly, since you want to start throwing out names, and you're going to listen well. You're going to leave these kids alone and my baby sister. Do I make myself clear?" he asked in a low voice, Henry remained silent as his glare burned in to Richie who was making faces and sticking out his tongue. Henry's shoulders heaved with each breath he took as his breathing became heavy. The older teen quickly grabbed Henry by the collar and raised his other arm in a fist. "I said do I make myself clear Bowers!?" He shouted in Henry's face, causing the younger teen to flinch. Reluctantly, Henry nodded as the boy let him go, making Henry dropped to the ground. Vic, Patrick and Belch ran off as the Losers laughed pointing at Henry. The older boy looked down, disgusted. "Now scam before you piss your pants some more." Henry also glanced down, noticing the wet stain on his pants and scrambled to his feet before taking off from embarrassment. The Losers cheered as Kurt turned around with a more sincere smile as he helped Eddie and Stan up from the floor, even dusting them off.

"Maaan, that made my dick hard! Who are you!?" Richie exclaimed as he adjusted his glasses. The seventeen year old made a disgusted face with a chuckle.

"Kid, that's gross. My name's Kurtis, Kurtis Morales, but you can call me Kurt." he grinned.

"Y-you're the n-n-new g-girl's b-b-b-brother?" Bill stuttered. Kurt nodded with a small smile.

"Yeah, Emarosa's pretty great when you get to know her. I know this guys name," he draped an arm over Eddie's shoulder, who took a breath of his inhaler. "He's our neighbor but what are all of your names?" He questioned.

The Losers introduced themselves and Kurt got to know each one, with jokes being thrown around and from small conversations on their way to the arcade. Before reaching the arcade, most the Losers already left. It was just Richie and Kurt.

"I see why they call you Trashmouth!" Kurt said behind teats. "You're hilarious, dude!" Richie grinned at the praise he was getting. "Ed's told me you're pretty good at street fighter!" Kurt mentioned as they entered the arcade.

"Pretty good? Please! I'm the best!" Richie boasted as Kurt grabbed a few tokens.

"I'll play ya, then we'll see about that!"

"You're on!"

~An Hour Later

"Man, what the actual fuck!" Kurt had beaten Richie 5 times in a row and was now adding his name as number one on the leader board with Richie under him. Kurt laughed and swung his arm over Richie's shoulder.

"It's alright Rich, MAYBE you'll surpass your master some day!" Kurt joked as Richie shrugged him off. Kurt looked down at his watch and gasped. "Shit, I'm late! Gotta go, my sister's waiting for me! We usually have a jam session around this time! You gonna stay here?" Richie nodded as he turned his attention back to Street Fighter.

"Your sister's hot, I see her in the hallways. If I beat your score then maybe I'll get to smash her buttons instead!" he exclaimed as he continued to play with a goofy smile.

"Stay away from her Trashmouth or I'm gonna have to kill ya!" The older boy joked as he pointed at the preteen as he ran to the door.

"Oh and hey, if Henry gives you or the guys any trouble, let me know and I'll handle it." This caused the preteen to look up at the older boy

who smiled before rushing out.

****Present Day****

Kurt Morales was the coolest and kindest person Richie ever met. His vision blurred slightly as he hung his head. He didn't attend the funeral service in fear of crying over someone he barely knew, plus he didn't know what to say besides 'I'm sorry'. He heard not even his own mother attended. Just Emma and a couple of Kurt's classmates and teachers from Derry High. He could only imagine how lonely she must have felt. How lonely she feels. Richie pondered, wondering if the rumors were true. Did Emma really have to watch it all happen and did she really have to-

Snapping out of his thoughts, Richie noticed Henry and his goons emerging from the wooded area, creeping up on the unaware Emma. "Damn it!" Richie cursed under his breath as he ran through the cemetery. "Fucking 'Spic." Henry spat at him and his goons circled around the girl. Her head shot up as she calmly watched the four bullies.

A Morales never shows vulnerability, they show strength.

Internally Emma was panicking but she couldn't let them know that. She put both hands in the air as she slowly stood up. The boy eyed the small girl up and down, with a malicious grin as the group of boys began closing in on her. She noticed Henry reach into his pocket.

"Your wetback brother ain't here to save you now, 'Spic." Emma felt her chest tighten with the reminder. She reminded herself to put her brave face on.

"Hey, assholes!" a voice called causing every one to look around. "Over here, asshats!" That's when she spotted Richie. Her eyes widened as he wore a big toothy grin. After catching her glance, he winked and blew her a kiss. "You owe me. Hot Stuff." he stated, causing the bullies to look at each other in confusion. "So do like, all of you try and blow Henry at the same time while he's blowing his dad, or do you all take turns blowing each other?" Richie teased with a sly grin. She realized his stupid grin never faltered, not once. Not once did it ever show he was scared even though mentally he was shitting bricks. He bolted, past his bike and he continued running on

foot as the boys angrily chased after him.

Why did he do that?

Emma questioned. Why would he help her and sacrifice getting beat up for someone he didn't even know. That day, Richie Tozier was no longer just a Doofus or Trashmouth. He stood up for her and she would never forget it. Snapping out of the trance, she realized she left the Doofus to fend for himself. Four against one. Shit. She cursed under her breath and looked back at the headstone.

"Sorry, brother. That Doofus needs help." She mumbled as she jetted out of the cemetery. "Stupid, Tozier." She groaned, seeing he left his bike next to hers. Reluctantly she grabbed his bike and hopped on. "Four Jackasses against a fucking Doofus."

She searched the town, feeling slightly helpless. She stopped and sighed in defeat as she hung her head. If anything happened to him, it would be all her fault.

"Let go of me, you mullet wearing asshole!" a familiar voice screeched. Emma's head shot up. Across the street was a certain Doofus getting pulled out of the arcade by a certain Jackass. Looking around, Emma noticed Henry's goons were nowhere to be found. Richie squirmed as Henry lifted him up by the collar. Emma parked Richie's bike and ran over to the two, shoving Henry, making him drop Richie, before he was able to connect his fist to the boy's jaw. The boy's already seemingly large eyes, widened as he watched Henry backhand the small girl, sending her straight to the ground.

"Emma!" he cried. The girl smirked, not taking her eyes off Henry as she forcefully kicked Henry's ankle. He groaned in pain and doubled over as his ankle buckled, giving Emma time to hop up to her feet, grab Richie's wrist and drag him towards his parked bike.

"I'll fucking kill you, bitch!" Henry screamed as Richie waited for Emma to get on the peg stands.

"Go, go, go, go!" she yelled as she patted him on the back. He obliged and quickly took off as Emma gripped on to his shoulders.

"Eat my dick, Bowers!" Richie yelled as Emma giggled

"I need to get my bike." Emma reminded.

"Can you take me back?" She asked.

"On it!"

~Back at the Derry Cemetery

"Well, this is me." Emma mumbled as she hopped off the pegs, grabbing her own bike. She tucked a piece of hair behind her ear. Richie rubbed the back of his neck. "Thanks Tozier." Emma looked up as she flashed a sincere Trashmouth blinked a couple of times. "You didn't have to do what you did earlier. Following me was a little creepy but the part after." she joked as she bumped him with her shoulder.

"I should be the one thanking you, Dweeb. Saved my ass from getting sluggish by Bowers only to- wait, shit! Are you okay?" He asked frantically, remembering Henry backhanded her. Her cheek was slightly bruised. She shrugged.

"It doesn't hurt much." she admitted.

"Well, let me walk you home!" He grinned his big goofy grin. She hated to admit it but it was kind of *cute*. Then there was a pit in her stomach. Her mother would probably be on the porch, a drunken mess, waiting for her to get home. She would hate it for Richie to see that. Quickly she shook her head and jumped on to her bike. His eyes flashed a sign of disappointment before lighting back up with an idea. "Hey, you owe me remember?" Emma raised an eyebrow as she circled around him on her bike. His eyes followed her. "Come hang out at the arcade tomorrow! I wanna show you something." Emma pondered the idea and narrowed her eyes, squinting at Richie.

"I'll think about it. But if I show, I'll be debt free, right?" Richie grinned and nodded.

"We'll see! Bye Doofus!" she shouted as she took off.

"Bye Dweeb, see you tomorrow!" He waved.

See you tomorrow.

With a small smile, Emma looked back through the corner of her eye. She finally had a friend.

Who knew it'd be Richie Trashmouth Tozier.

A/N: Ugh I feel like the ending was a little rushed but I really, really hoped you guys like this chapter. I've been working on it for a couple days but please, please, please tell me what you think! Thanks so much! Hope you continue to stand by me through this story!

3. 3) Truth

As expected when she got home, Emma's mother was waiting for her on the front porch. A drunken mess. Emma sighed as she walked up to the porch.

"And where were you, kiddo?" She asked in a drunken slur, taking a drag of her cigarette, beer in the other hand.

"Doesn't matter." Emma replied as she tried to brush past the woman she regretfully called her mother. Deidra grabbed Emma's hand.

"Butch is coming over," Deidra started. Emma paused as she looked back at the woman.

"What does that have to do with me?" Emma asked. Deidra stared for a moment before letting go.

"Nothing, just don't be a fucking brat and ruin it for me." The preteen scoffed.

"Whatever. Do you even know what today is?" Deidra looked up, confused in her drunken state. Emma shook her head. "Of course. Of course you wouldn't remember with that bottle in your fucking hand." a flash of anger appeared in Deidra's eyes as she forcefully grabbed Emma's arm, cigarette hanging in between her lips, nails digging in to the poor girls arm. Emma looked around and noticed Eddie Kaspbrak on his porch looking over as his mother rushed him inside.

"What'd you say, you little bitch?" Deidra yelled. Emma flinched as Deidra dug her nails in deeper. She hated what her mother became. She wasn't always the best mother but now, she was just like her father. Emma tried to pull back as she saw Eddie give a sympathetic look before disappearing in to his own house. Emma sighed as she hung her head. She was more embarrassed than hurt.

"Nothing, mama." Deidra's hard glare turned in to an annoyed look.

"Get inside." The woman released her grip and Emma hurried inside. She ran up the stairs and slammed the door to her room. She opened up her curtain, opening up the window. the cool, fall air breezed in to the room as she picked up the guitar in the corner of her room and sat at the desk and opened up the journal and scanned the pages before finding the right page. She smiled as she recalled the sloppy handwriting of her brother. She spotted his initials on the guitar and rubbed over them. She began strumming and singing along to the words on the page.

"I hurt myself today, to see if I still feel. I focus on the pain, the only thing that's real. The needle tears the hole, the old familiar stink, Try to kill it all the way. But I remember everything. What have I become, my sweetest friend? Everyone I know, goes away in the end. And you could have it all, my empire of dirt. I will let you down. I will make you hurt." she continued strumming.

"Hey, you're good!" a voice chimed in, making Emma jump, striking a bad chord. She cringed as she looked out the window in front of her and noticed Eddie Kaspbrak peering in her window from his room. Annoyed she set the guitar down and leaned over the window.

"Jesus, you scared me! You know it's not very polite to be peering in to a ladies room, I could have been changing!" She stated harshly causing the small boy to have a pink tint spread across his cheeks

"S-sorry! I just heard you singing and-" he stammered.

"I'm messing with you Kaspbrak." She laughed. He sighed out of relief.

"Did you write that?" Emma shook her head as a small smile spread across her lips.

"Nah, Kurt did. He wrote it for someone we left behind in Texas." She answered as her eyes glanced back over at his guitar. "He used to play it over and over again when we first moved here. He'd play it, I'd sing it." She recalled. She remember the heartbroken expression on his face every time he'd play it. It hurt her to see him that way but he always masked the sadness for his sisters sake, but she always saw right through.

"I'm sorry about your brother, Emma." Eddie finally said after the moment of silence. Emma smiled and nodded.

"Thanks." He nodded and nervously looked around. There was a pregnant pause. "We've never really talked before, have we?" She asked, breaking the pause. He shook his head.

"Honestly, I was always scared to talk to you. You always seemed like you liked to be by yourself." Emma smiled sadly. Back then she did. Kurt was enough company. Often he'd come home for their jam sessions talking about a group of boys her age that he ran in to, saying she should be friends with them. She declined because a line of a particular song that he wrote rang in her head. 'Every one I know goes away in the end.' She shook her head mentally. Now, the life she lived was lonely. No one to talk to, no one to play with. Just alone in her room. She thought more and more about Richie's offer about going to the arcade tomorrow.

"Yeah, being by yourself can be a little lonely but I suppose I did prefer it back then because well, I had my big brother, you know?" Eddie nodded.

"Well we can be friends now!" He stated as he offered a warm smile.

"Really?" She questioned as she blinked a couple of times. He nodded eagerly.

"Yeah, tomorrow-"

"Eddie bear? Who are you talking to?" Mrs. Kaspbrak called, causing Eddie's eyes to widen.

"N-no one Mommy!" He replied as Emma snickered. He shot her a pleading glance.

"Bye Eddie Bear," She grinned as Eddie rolled his eyes with a small smile before closing his window. She watched as he closed his curtains. With a sigh she closed her own after also closing her window. She heard her mother giggle down the stairs. Rolling her eyes, she turned on the lamp by her bedside, before turning off the lights. She sighed as she crawled in to bed.

"Tomorrow." She mumbled with a small smile before drifting off in to sleep.

The Next Day

Emma groaned as she scrambled through her closet.

"What to wear, what to wear..." She bit the inside of her cheek as she pulled out a yellow Rolling Stones shirt that was given to her from Kurt when he had gone to a Rolling Stones concert. She placed it on her bed and pulled out a pair of washed out light blue jean pants. She placed it under the shirt. She looked forward to hanging out at the arcade with Richie but didn't want to over dress to show how excited she was. She shrugged and got dressed, tucking in her Rolling Stones shirt. She tied her hair back in a messy bun, letting small strands of her hair fall on each side of her face. She then put on her classic black converse and looked back at the time on her alarm clock on the bedside table. "8:45 AM" She said out loud. Rushing down the stairs, the smell of alcohol filled the living area. She scrunched up her nose. That was something she would never get used to. She grew up the smell and hated it. She noticed Butch and her mother curled up together on the couch, sleeping soundly surrounded by beer bottles. She sighed and went over to the two, quickly cleaning up the area. Throwing the empty bottles in the trash. She noticed her mother

shiver and sighed as she pulled the blanket Butch was hogging over the small woman. She stared at her for a minute. Even in her drunken state, she had to admit, her mother was beautiful. She wished that she would just stop drinking and be the mom she knew she could be. She leaned over and kissed the woman's head. "Bye mom..." Emma whispered as she walked out of the house, gently closing the door behind her. She ran over to her bike and hopped on as she pedaled to the arcade.

She noticed Richie standing outside the arcade on his bike as he fiddled nervously with his fingers. She smiled as she skid to a stop.

"Hey Doofus, what are you waiting for?" She asked playfully as he quickly stopped fiddling with his fingers.

"Dweeb, you came!" He grinned. There it was. That stupid grin on his stupid face. Emma felt her cheeks heat up as she scowled in the opposite direction.

"Well yeah, I came. I wanted to be debt free, remember?" His grin never fell and it finally hit her. "Wait, Dweeb?" she asked. Richie laughed.

"You just noticed? I've been calling you that since yesterday!" he exclaimed almost howling in laughter at her facial expression. Three boys walked out of the arcade. Emma recognized them as Richie's friends. One of them being Eddie Kaspbrak, her neighbor she spoke to last night. He shifted uncomfortably. Next was Bill Denbrough, the kid with a harsh stutter. Last was Stanley the curly headed Jewish boy who was a year younger. Mentally she frowned, thinking it would just be her and Richie. Now she felt like an outsider. She didn't know these boys. What if they made her feel more of an outcast. "These are my friends Eddie, he's a bit of a freak, Stuttering Bill and Stan the Man!" Richie pointed out. Emma smiled and waved at them awkwardly. "You guys this is Emarosa, Em the Dweeb." Emma shot a glare over at Richie.

"Don't call me that Doofus." She growled as she hit him over the head. The boys laughed, surprising her. It made her actually feel good. She glanced over at the uncomfortable Eddie. "Hi, Eddie Bear." She teased with a wink as he rolled his eyes.

"Don't call me that!" He pleaded, causing Richie to raise a brow.

"N-nice to m-meet you E-Emar-r-ro-" Emma smiled sympathetically at the Denbrough boy.

"Emma's fine Bill." He smiled thankfully and nodded.

"Yeah, Emma, we heard a lot about you, nice to finally meet you." Stan said shyly.

"Shut up Stanley!" Richie yelled as he punched Stanley's arm. He got off his bike and parked it next to what she assumed was the others. Stanley rubbed his arm, defensively as Emma parked her bike next to Richie's.

"What, Trashmouth? Embarrassed that you've been talking about me after only a day? What, in love with me already?" She teased as she bumped his shoulder with hers. The foul mouthed boy's cheeks turned pink.

"What!? No! You creep. He was talking about someone else!" He barked. Emma was really confused now as she cocked her head to the side.

"Someone else, I don't talk to anyone else?" She questioned as the boy sighed.

"That's what I wanted to show you, come on." He mumbled as the boys walked in to the arcade. Richie went over to the token machine and grabbed a couple of tokens. He gave one to Emma as he escorted her over to the empty Street Fighter machine. "Wanna play?" He questioned as he put in his token. Hesitantly she slid in her token. The two played and it was revealed that Emma wasn't very good. "Come on, Dweeb. I'm kicking your ass!" The boys hovered over the two. All of them seemingly nervous. She bit her lip as she began getting used to the controls but Richie still won.

"Alright Trashmouth, what is this about?" She asked frustrated. Did he just bring her here to embarrass her in front of his friends so they could tease her about how much they sucked? Is he really that much of an asshole? Was he no different from Bowers.

"J-just wait." He stuttered as he stared intensely at the screen. She joined him as the leader board popped up.

#1 KurtTheJerk

#2 Trashmouth

She felt a pain in her chest as she stared at number one. Her hands shook.

"Kurt was our friend. He'd sometimes leave school early to come play with us at the arcade," Richie started. Emma looked at him in

disbelief. "He protected us whenever Bowers would be a dick and pick on us. He was pretty awesome." He finished as he stared sadly at the leader board before it disappeared. Emotions built up and Emma felt angry. She shoved him.

"If he was your friend then why didn't you go!" She yelled, tears threatening to spill from her eyes. Richie stood there dumbfounded. "Why didn't you go to the funeral!?" She continued as she looked at all of them. These were the boys Kurt mentioned but not a single one went to his funeral and it angered her because if they were as close to him as he made it seem they would have gone, would they have not?

"I-I-" Richie didn't know what to say. In a sense she was right but he didn't feel it was his place to attend. Bill had to stay with Georgie, Eddie's mom wouldn't let him go, and Stan was studying. Richie didn't have an excuse, he just simply couldn't find the strength in himself to go, considering he was the closest to Kurt. Richie hung his head, unable to continue looking at the was angry. Not even just at the boys but everyone. Her mom, herself, the world. The only thing that mattered was taken from her. "There's no excuses Emma, but we all loved Kurt. We did. Over the months we tried, we tried talking to you but every time we tried you just didn't see us." Stan stated as Emma raised an eyebrow.

"H-hallways, classrooms e-even if it w-was j-just for a p-pencil." Bill added

"On the way home," Eddie continued as he looked down at his feet.

"Bumping in to you on purpose." Richie finished. Emma stared at him in disbelief as she felt the anger fading. She was too depressed to notice that the people her brother hung out with tried welcoming her with open arms when he was gone. They tried to comfort in a way she was blind to.

"I-I'm sorry." she squeaked as tears began to spill out of her eyes. Eddie hugged her first as the others followed, wrapping their arms around each other as she sobbed. She looked at each sad face and even saw tears running down a couple of them. They truly loved her brother, admired him, looked up to him. This whole time she thought she was the only one hurting but for once, it felt good to realize she wasn't the only one who felt like they lost something.

"Get out of here! Take that crap somewhere else, you Losers!" The teenager working behind the counter yelled.

"Shut the fuck up, we're having a moment here, Asshole!" Richie yelled, causing Emma to laugh. The group broke up the huddle and

all looked at one another, laughing. The group rushed out of the arcade and hopped on to their bikes.

They spent the rest of the day laughing and making jokes. Emma got to know each of the boys and grew a bond with all of them. They round around town enjoying each others company, making plans for the days to come. Plans for sitting at lunch together, plans for sitting next to each other in the classes they had together, even plans for summer. The group rode over to the cemetery, the boys had actually asked and although hesitant at first, Emma obliged. She rode in the front, leading the group of boys.

As they reached the cemetery, the group dropped their bikes except Stan who put his kickstand down. The group walked up the hill, following behind Emma until she came to a stop. The group sat around the headstone where they all shared the stories they had with Kurt.

"You know, this is perfect." Richie mumbled as he pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose.

"What do you mean, Doofus?" Emma asked. Part of her expected a joke to come out of his mouth but was surprised when he stayed silent for a moment.

"I mean, just look," He motioned his hand to the sky as it changed colors. "That."

"Being here with you guys, this feels perfect." Emma finished. "I'm glad Richie asked me to come." she pushed against Richie as he smiled. The next few moments the five watched as the sun set in silence.

She smiled at the group. She was finally a part of something. She finally felt like she belonged. Officially she was part of the Losers Club.

A/N: Okayyyy so this chapter sucked honestly but I promise next one will be better. Thank you guys for still sticking by me, whoever is still reading :')

4. 4) There Is A Light That Never Goes Out

OCTOBER

"You think Bill's okay?" Emma asked, walking close to Richie as they walked together to their next class.

"Yeah, Dweeb. It's just a cold. He'll be better and back to school in no time. Why? You got a crush on him or something?" Richie asked almost defensively.

"No, you Doofus!" She barked as she pushed him roughly.

"Good!" He added as he swung an arm over her shoulder, pulling her closer. "Because, you're my girl." He grinned as Emma rolled her eyes as he made kissy faces at her.

"No, I'm not Tozier." She took his arm off her shoulder as he pouted.

"You love me, doll. Don't deny it!" He mumbled as his pouty face turned in to a grin. The grin she secretly loved. "You know you can't resist these guns!" He attempted to flex his scrawny arms, causing her to laugh.

"Yeah, who can resist those tooth picks?" She giggled as she continued her walk to class.

"Toothpicks?!" He exclaimed as he ran to catch up with her. "At least they're bigger than Ed's!" He added as the two walked in to their English class. Emma shook her head as she laughed.

"You still coming tonight?" She asked as she placed her backpack on her desk. Richie took his usual seat behind the brunette.

"You know it, sweet cheeks!" he wiggled his eyebrows. She shook her head again as she sat down with a grin. The bell rang and a few of the tardy stragglers entered the question.

"Alright class, let's get seated and open your books to chapter three!"

After School

The group of four rode their bikes to Bill's house, upon pulling up they noticed him sitting in the window with a smile on his face as he waved. Little Georgie Denbrough also popped out, waving eagerly. The four parked their bikes and approached the porch as Emma knocked on the front door.

"The hell you wearing that for?" Richie asked Eddie as Eddie put on a mask over his face.

"Shut up. I don't want to get sick you idiot." The smaller boy barked back as Richie tried reaching for the mask. "Stop it, fuck face!" Emma rolled her eyes at the two's constant bickering. Richie, laughing as he continued to try and grab at the mask as Eddie pushed his hands away.

"Dudes!" Emma groaned, making the two stop to look at her. "Knock it off!" Eddie gulped as he stepped away from Richie. Opening the door stood Bill's mother.

"Hi Emma! Boys!" She greeted with a warm smile. "I'm sorry Billy is still sick." She added as she looked at the four.

"We know Mrs. Denbrough, we just wanted to check on Bill. Just to see him for a moment." Emma answered, returning the warm smile.

"Well, I don't want you all to come down with a cold either." She started as she turned around to see Bill with a pleading look at the top of the stairs. "Well, maybe just for a moment. But just a quick hi, kids. It's supposed to storm soon. Everyone nodded as she stepped aside to let the group in.

"Hi, Emma!" a small voice squeaked. Emma grinned at the small boy who hugged her leg.

"Well hello there, little Georgie!" She replied as she patted him on the head. She helped watch the small boy a few times and got to know him well over the past month.

"Billy's gonna help me make a boat!" he squeaked excitedly.

"Is he!? That's so cool!" Georgie flashed a smile before running off to the living room to watch TV. Bill motioned for the group to follow him up the stairs in to his room.

"H-hey guys, th-thanks for c-coming t-to ch-check on me." Bill thanked as he sat on his bed. The group nodded as Eddie stood back.

"We just wanted to say hi and drop off your school work to you!" Emma stated as she took off her backpack, taking out Bill's homework he missed over the past couple of days, handing it over to him. He smiled as he placed it on his bed next to him. The group chatted for a couple minutes until it started to drizzle outside.

"I guess that's our sign to go!" Stan said as he pointed at the window. Bill nodded.

"W-wouldn't w-want you guys t-to g-get s-s-sick l-like me." He agreed.

"We'll see you later Big Bill! Get better!" Emma called as they ran down the stairs.

"Bye Mrs. D!" The four called as they all raced for their bikes. Stan quickly pedaled across the street as Richie, Eddie, and Emma raced

towards their own.

"Bye Dweeb! See ya later! Bye Eddie Spaghetti!" Richie called as he rode across the street from them to his house.

"Don't call me that!" Eddie screeched.

Eddie threw his bike in front of his house and ran to the porch as Emma did the same to hers.

"Hey Emma!" He called. Emma chuckled as she tried to wring the water out of her long brown hair as she looked at the smaller boy.

"Yeah, Eddie Bear?" She grinned, knowing he hated being called that. He shook his head and smiled back.

"Never mind, I'll see you tomorrow!" With a wave he disappeared in to his house. She had to admit, Eddie was acting a bit stranger than usual lately. She shrugged and entered her own house. It was empty. No smell of alcohol or cigarettes. She raised an eyebrow and made her way in to the kitchen. A small white piece of paper laid out on the counter top.

Won't be home tonight, at Butch's. See you tomorrow. Left over pizza in fridge or stuff for sandwiches.

-Mom

Emma rolled her eyes as she plopped herself down on the couch, turning the TV on. Nothing interesting came on. She channel surfed for a while before her eyes became heavy. Eventually her tired lids closed as she drifted off silently in to a deep sleep

Emma studied her hands as they shook violently, red painted all over them. Her mother shook her, clearly screaming with tears in her eyes but everything around her was inaudible. Just a high pitch ringing sound rung loud in Emma's ears as her mother continued to shake her. Her nails dug in to Emma's arms, a trickle of blood ran down her arm from the harshness of the nails. She looked at the frantic woman's lips but couldn't make the words out. She just stood there in shock as the frantic woman continued to seemingly scream, releasing to her girls arms, then dropping to the floor on her hands and knees. The red and blue lights flashed outside of the house as Emma dropped to her knees, a motionless body in front of her, laying in a pool of blood. The young girl's breathing became erratic as she pulled at her hair. Her legs pulled up to her chest as she pulled out chunks of her hair, screaming, also inaudible as Butch Bowers

busted through the door, dropping his flashlight out of shock.

RING RING

Emma shot up at the sound of the phone ringing.

RING RING

She looked over at the clock and noticed it was 7:30 PM. She quickly got up and answered the phone.

"M-Morales residence," she answered sleepily as she rubbed the sleepiness off her face.

"Oh! Emma! Have you seen Georgie? H-He hasn't came home and its been hours!" A frantic Sharon Denbrough asked. Emma was now fully awake.

"N-no Mrs. D. I haven't seen little Georgie." Sharon sobbed on the other line.

"She hasn't seen him!" She cried. Emma cringed at the sound of her voice.

"I'm sorry Emma, if you see him or if he shows up on your doorstep please, give us a call." Zack Denbrough pleaded.

"Sure thing Mr. D. I hope he comes home soon." She mumbled.

"Thank you Emma. We do too." The line clicked. Emma placed the phone back down on the receiver and went upstairs and looked around outside of her window. The rain had finally stopped. She sighed. Worry had now taken over. She had just seen the small boy hours prior. Where could he have possibly gone? She turned on her lamp and sat on her bed and pondered. Should she go out and look for him? Should she stay put in case he arrived on her doorstep? George Denbrough wasn't just Bill's little brother. He was like a little brother to all of them. She sighed as she fell back on her bed only to hear a small tap on her window. She shot up and glanced over. There was another small tap. She walked over and moved the curtains to see Richie with pebbles in his hands as he threw another. She sighed as she lifted up the window.

"Rich, did you get a call too?" She asked in a hush whispered. He nodded.

"Your mom home?" He asked. Emma shook her head.

"You don't have to climb tonight, come in through the front. I'll be right down." he nodded again and walked out of view. The brunette

walked down the stairs and opened the front door. Richie walked in and threw himself on her couch.

"I'm sure they'll find him." He said with a hint of doubt in his voice.

"Bill said his mom already filed a missing persons report." Emma nodded as she rubbed her arms. His stomach growled

"You hungry?" She asked as she pointed at the fridge with her thumb.

"I can heat up some left over pizza." The boy nodded, still lost in thought. Emma went to the fridge and pulled out the box of left over pizza and reheated the remaining pieces. She plopped down on the couch next to him, resting her head on his shoulder. "I hope they find him, Rich." she mumbled as he patted her on the head. They sat in silence for a moment until the microwave beeped. She got up and grabbed another plate, separating the four slices, two on each plate.

"Wanna go to my room?" She questioned as entered the living room as she held up the two plates. He nodded, getting off the couch, taking the second plate and followed her up the stairs. He sat on her floor as she placed her plate on the bed. She walked over to her record player and pulled out a vinyl cover, showing it to Richie. "This one was Kurts favorite." She said with a small smile showing him the cover. "The Queen is Dead by The Smiths. Personally number nine is my favorite. Morrissey was a true musical genius." She stated as she put the vinyl on. The boy smiled as he stuffed his face with a slice of pizza. The two ate their pizza and talked about school, they even talked a little about Georgie, trying to brainstorm ideas on where he could be as the vinyl played. I Know It's Over came on, causing Emma to sway along to the beat as she sang along.

"Oh Mother, I can feel the soil falling over my head. See, the sea wants to take me, the knife wants to slit me. Do you think you can help me?" Richie stared in awe.

"Dude, Emma. You are so good. I know I joke around a lot but I'm serious." The girl felt her cheeks get hot.

"Thanks, Doofus."

"There you go, messing up the compliment." He joked with a mouthful of food.

"Ew, don't talk with your mouth full, Trashmouth!" She exclaimed as she shielded her face. He laughed, sending a piece of food from his mouth, flying in her direction. Quickly he covered her mouth. "Ew!" She made a disgusted face, making him laugh more. He swallowed his food as he continued to listen to the music that filled the room. He loved when she would show him new music. He had to admit, she

had good taste. "Will you sleep over tonight?" She asked, interrupting his thoughts. He glanced back up at her and noticed something he hasn't seen on her face since they officially met a month ago. She was scared. She shifted uncomfortably as she looked away. "Sorry, just. I don't remember the last time I was home alone. And with Georgie-" she mumbled as she looked down. She rubbed her arms again out of nervousness.

"Yeah, I'll stay. My mom and dad wouldn't care. It's the weekend anyways. I'll just call them in the morning and tell them I was at Ed's." Her face lit up.

"Really?" The boy nodded again with a small smile. He loved it when her face lit up like that. She grinned as she jumped up. "Okay well, I'm going to shower. I'll bring you a sleeping bag, when I'm done." He nodded again and with that, she left the room. Why was he being so quiet tonight? Was it the nervousness of being there or was it because of the call he had gotten earlier about Georgie. He shrugged it off as he walked over to her bookshelf. He sighed as he pulled out "Carrie" by Stephen King. He began reading the book, to pass the time as he heard the shower turn on. He gulped.

20 minutes had passed.

*And if a double-decker bus crashes into us,
To die by your side is such a heavenly way to die.
And if a ten ton truck kills the both of us
To die by your side, well, the pleasure, the privilege is mine.*

He put the book down as he leaned into the sound of the song.

"This is the song I was talking about!" Emma exclaimed as she rubbed the towel through her wet hair. She grinned sheepishly at Richie as she lifted the other hand up revealing the sleeping bag. He really liked the song. Of course Emma sang along to it and he enjoyed every bit. After the song was over she removed the vinyl and placed it back in its sleeve. She walked over to the light switch and turned off. All that remained was the lamp. Richie reached for it, only for Emma to grab his hand as he held the string in his hand. "No! Not that one," she pleaded as she looked at the lamp. Was she also scared of the dark? He wondered. He nodded and she released her grip on his hand. He removed his hand from the string and got comfortable on

the floor. His eyes felt heavy, before closing them he looked at the clock.

11:47 PM

No wonder. He let his lids close and drifted off to sleep while Emma stared at the ceiling. She turned over to her side to face Richie and noticed he was sound asleep. She giggled a bit, realizing he fell asleep with his glasses on and gently removed them from his face, placing them on her nightstand by the lamp. She giggled at the fact that a little bit of drool leaked from the corner of his mouth. "Night, Doofus." She mumbled as she also closed her eyes.

"You've been a very, very naughty girl Em's." Augustine mumbled as he undid his belt.

"D-Daddy?" Emma questioned. She looked around and noticed Kurt's motionless body on the floor, her mother cowering in a corner, covering her face. "No, no, no, no..." She mumbled as she frantically looked around as Augustine stepped towards her. "This already happened." she mumbled as she backed away. She looked at Augustine, who was inching closer and closer. Behind him was a clown with orange hair grinning maliciously with his hand on the light switch.

"Don't be scared Daddy's little princess." Augustine's evil grin widened even wider to something almost inhumane. Emma watched in horror as she backed herself against the wall.

"Nighty night, Little Emma!" The clown giggled as he flicked the light switch down, turning off the light. It was pitched black causing Emma to scream and drop to her knees.

"TURN THE LIGHT ON! TURN IT ON!" She screamed as she dropped to her knees. "TURN THE FUCKING LIGHT ON!" She pulled her knees to her chest.

"Emma," a voice called. She kept her eyes shut. "It's okay Emma, the lights back on." the voice squeaked.

"Georgie?" she called as she opened her eyes. Her eyes widened as she instantly regretted it. The scene around her disappeared along with her family. Instead it was replaced with little George Denbrough's body on the ground in a pool of blood. His arm missing and body life less in a yellow rain coat and rain boots. The fucking clown hovered over his body, with George's arm in his mouth. The clown smiled at Emma as he playfully

waved at the girl with the boys finger in his mouth. The tears streamed down Emma's face as the clown danced his way towards the girl, dropping the arm. His playful look turning in to a serious and deadly stare.

"Time to float Ems." He said in a deeper tone than before. Emma's eyes wide with fear tried to push herself back further against the wall. She tried to scream but nothing came out.

The clown grinned maliciously as he opened his mouth wider than humanly possible, exposing rows of many razor sharp teeth. She covered her face in fear.

"Emma!" The clown shoved her against the wall, holding her by her neck.

"Emma!" He inched closer.

"Come on Em, wake up!" a voice called.

With a deep inhale Emma shot up. She panted as she looked around frantically. She was in her room again and in front of her with a worried look on his face was Richie. She was drenched in sweat as the boy pushed her hair back.

"Em, are you alright?" he questioned, concerned

"I-I," Emma stammered.

"Ems you were screaming, you scared me." he whispered.

"Don't call me that! Don't ever call me that!" She hissed. He held his hand up in defense as he stepped back. She didn't mind being called Em but adding the s always brought her back to that night. She sat up, hugging her knees as she rocked back and forth. A part of her felt bad for snapping at him because he didn't know. She sighed shakily. "Th-that night. My dad called me Ems. I-I had a nightmare about it." She mumbled into her knees. Richie's eyes widened as he sat on her bed next to her.

"I'm so sorry." He apologized. She nodded.

RING RING

The phone rang from downstairs. The two looked at each other and rushed down the stairs. Emma quickly picked up the phone.

"Morales Residence?"

"E-Emma," Bill stuttered on the other line. It wasn't Bill's usual stutter, it sounded like he had been crying.

"Bill? What's wrong?" She questioned as she gripped the phone tightly.

"It's G-Georgie. H-he, h-he never c-came home. The c-cops s-said a-a woman s-saw h-him playing b-by a d-d-ditch in the r-rain and, and-" a sob escaped his lips.

"And what Bill?" Emma pressed.

"A-and then he was gone. T-that there w-was b-blood b-by the s-sewer d-d-d-d-FUCK!" he cursed. Emma clenched her eyes shut as Richie stared.

"Bill, I'm so sorry, Bill." She wished she could hug him, tell him everything was going to be okay.

"N-no, Em-Emma. G-Georgie's j-just m-missing, right? P-please tell m-me h-he's just m-missing." he pleaded.

"Yeah, Bill. He's just missing. We'll find him, okay?" she reassured as he sobbed in to the phone. Richie sighed as he pushed his hair back.

"I g-gotta go. M-my moms c-calling me." He mumbled.

"Okay Bill, we'll figure this out, okay? Together." she mentally kicked herself.

"Th-thanks Emma."

CLICK

Emma sighed as she hung the phone up.

"What happened?" Richie asked.

"Georgie's still missing."

A/N: OH MAN THIS IS MY LONGEST CHAPTER YET! I'm so proud of myself for writing these past few days to get these chapters out to you guys. Man. I just, wow. I like this chapter a lot better than the last one and I hope everyone did too. Right now I'm not too sure how constant I'll update but I hope this chapter certainly made it a little more interesting. We're getting to the good parts. Thank you for taking the time to read this chapter. It certainly means the world to me but I'd love to actually hear feedback so please, please let me know what you think! Its currently 2:36 AM and I've been writing since like 9:00 PM. Thanks again so much for sticking around!

5. 5) We Are Family

DECEMBER

"Has anyone noticed Bowers doesn't really fuck with us anymore?" Richie questioned before stuffing his mouth with food. Emma shrugged as she looked at Bill who seemed lost in thought.

"Maybe he grew a heart?" Stan suggested causing Eddie to snort.

"A heart? Please! Have you seen the looks he gives us? Especially Emma!" He shouted as he pointed at Emma with his hand.

"Gee, thanks Ed's" Emma replied as she rolled her eyes.

"M-maybe i-it's b-b-because h-his d-dad dumped R-Rena D-D-Davenport f-f-for M-M-Mrs. M-Morales." Bill stuttered. Emma sighed at the reminder and looked at Bill sympathetically as he pushed his food around. The group noticed his stutter had gotten worse since George Denbroughs disappearance. He now stayed quiet most of the time and no one knew if it was because of how bad his stutter had gotten or if it was because he blamed himself for George not being with his family. Emma placed her hand over his, causing him to look up at her. He half smiled as she squeezed his hand. Richie stared at the two hands through the corner of his eye. Eddie did the same. The only one who didn't seem bothered was Stan. 'You okay?' Emma mouthed, worry written all over her face. The boy nodded as he looked over at Richie, before moving his hand. Richie's eyes averted from the hands to Bill who smiled at him. Richie cleared his throat as he pointed at Bill's food.

"You gonna eat that?" He asked as he tried to play off where he was really looking. Bill shook his head as he pushed his plate over to the boy.

"Geez, Doofus. You're such a fat ass! Where does all that food go?" Emma laughed as she pointed her fork at him. He rolled his eyes as he stuffed his mouth.

"Hardy Har Har Dweeb, you're sooo funny." He mumbled with food in his mouth.

"Ew! What did I tell you about talking with your mouth full, Rich!?" She exclaimed in disgust as Eddie also made a disgusted face. Richie smirked.

"It probably goes to his ass! Watch when he's like 40 that shits gonna catch up to him and he's gonna be this huge balloon!" Eddie

exclaimed as he moved his tray to sit next to Emma. "Move Stan!" Stan obliged and scooted over to make room for the smaller boy. Richie drew a tear down his face.

"Boo fucking hoo!" Eddie glared at Richie. "I don't care, I'll still be hot unlike you!" Richie barked, still talking with the food in his mouth. Emma cringed at the sight, but still laughed.

"Sure, Rich. We'll still love you and your dad bod." She giggled as Bill started laughing too. Richie winked as Eddie clung to Emma's arm, clearly disgusted. Stan simply shook his head with a small smile.

In the distance Henry Bowers glared at the group. He hated seeing her laugh. He snapped his fork in half, making Vic jump. "

You okay, Henry?" he asked.

"Peachy." Henry growled through gritted teeth.

Emma and Richie walked side by side on their way to English. They joked and laughed as they normally did. Over the months, they grew extremely close. Out of all the boys, she was closest to Richie.

"So, I heard we're getting a new kid in our English class today. Think she's hot?" Richie joked. Her smile quickly dropped. She felt a slight pain in her chest. Richie always joked about other girls, even using pick up lines but for some reason, each time made Emma feel a certain way. She couldn't pin how it made her feel but she didn't like it.

Emma stopped walking for a second as she glared at Richie. Her stomach did a flip as he turned around once he realized she was no longer by her side. He cocked his head to the side as he readjusted his backpack straps. "What?"

"Do you ever stop thinking with your dick, Tozier?" She growled as she began walking again, passing him and in to the classroom. He stood there dumbfounded. That was how he always talked around her, what was the problem? Was she really mad or was she just playing around like she always did? He ran to the classroom, claiming his seat behind her. Mrs. Richmond walked in to the classroom behind him.

"Em, what the hell? What's wrong with you?" He whispered as the bell rang. She ignored him. She, herself didn't understand what made her so angry, but she was. He let out a frustrated sigh. If anyone had the right to be mad, it was him. She liked Bill. Bill wasn't the one who would go over whenever her mom would bail, he was. So why

did she get mad over one stupid joke? Emma laid her head on the desk questioning why she got mad in the first place. She sighed as she scribbled in her journal, sketching a stick figure of Richie writing 'Stupid' at the top of the page. She turned around to face her best friend. His face lit up as he smiled. She stuck out her tongue and showed him the drawing, causing the corner of lips to anchor downwards into a frown. She grinned to show she was only kidding, causing him to roll his eyes.

"Alright class, today we have a new student joining us." Emma looked up as a chubby boy walked through the door. Emma quickly turned around with a wider grin spreading across her face.

"She sure is hot, Rich! Perfect for you!" She teased quietly. Richie simply covered his face with a groan. She was not going to let this go. EVER!

"Oh shut up, Dweeb!" Emma snickered at the Trashmouth's disappointment. The boy introduced himself as Ben Hanscom. He seemed like a nice kid. He took the empty seat next to Emma. She smiled warmly at him as he shyly looked down with a small smile.

"Welcome to Derry, new kid!" She whispered as Mrs. Richmond instructed the class to open their books. He nodded and mumbled a 'thank you'. Richie kicked her seat.

"Stop flirting with chubs over there!" He growled.

"What are you? Jealous?" She teased as she winked at Ben, causing him to flush red.

"Am not!" Richie barked back as he huffed, crossing his arms. Emma shrugged as she followed along with the teacher in her book.

"Yeah, Emma was flirting with this fat kid in our class today! Can you believe it!" Richie complained to Bill.

"W-Well Richie why don't you j-just tell her you l-like her already?" Bill questioned as he fixed his backpack strap on his shoulder. Richie made a face as he gawked at Bill.

"What? I-I don't like her!" He defended. Bill looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

"It's w-written all over your face. Lunch. English. Th-The way you look at her," Bill started. "B-better tell her before E-Eddie beats you to it." He finished as quickly as he could. The two boys stood by the lockers as they waited for the other.

"Ed's likes her!?" Richie shouted. Almost on cue Eddie and Stan approached the other two boys as they waited for their fifth member. "You like Emma!?" Richie asked turning to Eddie. Eddie's eyes widened as he stammered to find the right words.

"Wh-what!? Who the hell told you that!? N-No I don't!" Eddie quickly defended as he went for his fanny pack to pull out his inhaler. His anxiety kicked in at the abrupt assumption.

"Well, Bill just said-"

"Bill just said what?" Emma asked as she approached the boys.

"Bill said nothing!" Eddie shouted as he took a breath of his inhaler. Emma raised an eyebrow as the boys shifted uncomfortably.

"Oh-kay then." She dragged as the tension filled the air. "Anyways, shall we?" She asked as she motioned her hands to the front of the school.

Upon arriving to Bill's house, Emma stopped as he went inside. She stared after him as he mumbled a bye.

"Em, what's wrong?" Stan asked. She stayed silent for a moment and looked over at the three boys. She smiled sadly.

"Go on without me." The three looked at each other. "Hey Bill!" She called as she dropped her bike and ran over to the boy.

"Whatever," Richie huffed as he took off. Eddie stared for a moment then looked back at Stan who patted him on the back. Bill looked back and smiled. Emma could always see right through his sad smile. She frowned. Without warning she embraced the boy. He stood there for a second, dumbfounded.

"It's okay not to be okay, Bill." She whispered as she squeezed him a little tighter. "I know what you're going through." She reminded. That's when he lost it. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he buried his face in to her shoulder, arms still to his side as she held him. She ran her fingers through her hair with one hand as she ran the other up and down his back.

"I-It's all my f-f-fault, Emma!" He sobbed. She shushed him as she continued to comfort the broken boy. "M-my p-parents don't even see me any-anymore. All they see left is that G-Georgie's g-gone. I feel s-so alone." He sobbed a little louder as he wrapped his arm around her, gripping tightly to the black sweater she wore.

"I'm here Bill, we're all here for you, you know that don't you? You're not alone." She could feel the tears forming at the corner of her eyes.

She let a few fall as she held her friend tighter. "When I lost Kurt, I felt the same way you did. My mom ignored me for a while too. But you have us here for you, just like you were all there for me after we met. We love you Big Bill. None of this is your fault. Stop blaming yourself." She pulled away from him as he hiccuped. His eyes were puffy and red as he tried to steady his breathing. She rubbed his arms and gave him a sad smile. "I miss him every day. But Georgie is missing Bill, you can't give up on him." He nodded as he finally gathered himself together. Emma wiped the remaining tears off his face, leaving a hand on his cheek. "We're a family too, don't forget that. If you ever need me, or need someone to talk to, you know where to call and where to go." She added as she searched his sad eyes. He smiled back and nodded as he looked down. She slowly moved her hand and hugged him one more time. He returned them embrace as he rested his chin on top of her head. When she pulled away she held his face with both hands before giving him a light tap with her right hand. "No more alone nonsense. You got us. Love you Big Bill."

"L-love you too Em." He stood on his porch for a bit as she turned her back to walk down the porch steps. She grabbed her bike and looked back one more time, giving the warmest smile she had to offer. With a wave she was off.

In the bushes, Richie stood dumbfounded. He had returned unnoticed after he had lost Eddie and Stan. He came back after she opened up to Bill about how she understood since she lost Kurt. How could he have been so insensitive? Emma didn't like Bill like he thought she did. Emma cared about Bill. She just wanted to be there for him through this hard time like they all should have been. One of his best friends had been suffering, feeling lost and alone after the disappearance of his little brother and and he barely noticed because of the fake smiles and jokes that came with their friendship. Even if she did like Bill, why did the thought anger him so much. It bothered him when Bill told him Eddie liked her too, but why? He felt a pain in his chest.

"You can come out, Rich." Bill called. Richie sighed as he emerged from the bushes.

"So when are you going to tell her?"

A/N: So sorry guys this one was a little short but please please let me know what you think, review, etc., I know this chapter obviously

wasn't the best but next one will be longer and better, I hope!
Thanks for sticking around3

6. 6) No Longer Home

MARCH

The Smiths blasted over the record player. Emma sat on her bed, nose in a book. Her eyes flew across the pages as she turned page by page. Sobs were heard from outside her door. She closed her book with a questioning look. She sighed as set down the book and swung her legs off the bed. She turned off the record player and opened her door. She walked down the hallway and peered into her mothers room. She sobbed with her back towards the door as she stared in the mirror, with nothing on but her bra and underwear. Emma's eyes widened as her mother examined many bruises all over her body. She couldn't believe it was happening again. She quickly opened the door and continued to stare at the beaten woman's body. She hadn't seen her mother since Thursday, it was now Saturday. Deidra quickly grabbed a long white button down, covering up.

"What the hell, Emma!?" Deidra shouted. Her eyes flashed with anger. She was drunk. Again.

"What the hell? What do you mean what the hell?" Emma shouted.

"Look at you! You're letting this shit happen again!" She growled motioning a hand at her mother's body. Deidra grabbed a pair of pants and pulled them on, ignoring her daughter. "Mom!" Emma cried as she stood in the doorway. "Why are you going back over there!?" She screamed. Deidra walked over to Emma with a pleading look on her face.

"Move, Emma." She whispered. Emma shook her head as she blocked the door way. "I said move!" She said a little louder as she tried to gently push the small girl. Emma stood her ground. "Emarosa," her voice was stern. "If you don't move," she started, closing her eyes.

"You'll what!?" Emma growled. "You'll dig your nails in to me? You'll hit me?" Deidra grabbed Emma by her hair. Emma didn't yelp or make a sound. She stared at the woman angrily. Whenever Emma disobeyed, over the months, Deidra had become abusive. Constantly digging her nails in the small girl, hitting her, pulling her hair. Emma was used to the abuse but still cared enough to not want to see her mother go through what she went through while she was with her father. Not again. Seeing Emma not reacting, made the woman angrier. She pulled harder, still not receiving a reaction. She let go of

the girls hair and grabbed her by the throat, shoving her against the wall, out of the room. This caught Emma by surprise. This was new. Deidra leaned into Emma's ear.

"It should have been you instead of Kurtis." Deidra growled. She reeked of alcohol. Emma's eyes widened. Her mother never said that before. Deidra let go of the girls throat and the small girl stood there in shock. Deidra kned the girl in the stomach. "I hate you!" She screamed as the girl dropped to the ground, holding her stomach in pain. Deidra kicked the girl again and again repeating the same words over and over again, even kicking her in the face. The girl attempted to shield her face from the blows. Her nose, bleeding. Her lip, busted. The blows stopped and Deidra kneeled down to the girl. She grabbed her hair, forcing the girl to look at her. A tear streamed down her face. The emotional pain, being greater than the physical. When the beatings started, Deidra would always seem remorseful at first, always apologizing as if she didn't realize what she did until the damage was done. This time was different. Her mother's cold stare burned into her. Emma's bottom lip quivered. "Don't you ever, EVER, fucking disobey me again, you little shit." She barked as she spit in the girls face, letting go of her hair. Deidra turned her back on the brunette, running down the stairs, grabbing her keys, slamming the front door after her. Emma sat there in disbelief, letting the tears stream down her face. Her body ached. She tried to pull her knees to her chest but grunted and flinched at the pain in her ribs. She wiped the blood from her nose with the back of her hand. Her mothers voice echoed in her head. 'It should have been you.' What did her mother become. Emma stood up shakily, holding her stomach. The image of Deidra's cold stare flashed into her mind. The woman she grew to know over the past six months was no longer her mother. Her mother Deidra Morales was officially dead. Emma limped to her room. She grabbed a baggy 'The Smiths' shirt and a pair of sweats and limped to the restroom. The tears were officially dried on her face. She carefully undressed and looked in the mirror, noticing bruises already forming on her ribs. She cursed under her breath. She pulled the shirt, carefully over her head. Next was the sweats. She sighed as she cleaned up the blood from her nose. She returned back to her room and began stuffing her backpack with a couple pairs of clothes. She slid the straps on carefully and slowly made her way down the stairs. Before she left the house she noticed a pack of cigarettes on the counter. She sighed and grabbed the pack as she

walked out the door. She put the cigarette in her mouth and lit it. She inhaled as the nicotine filled her lungs. This wasn't the first time but the beginning of a nasty habit. She exhaled as she sat on the porch swing. She swung back and forth as her thoughts of her mother flooded her head. Nothing but hatred filled the young girl's heart. The girl quickly stood up and punched the pillar, before walking off to the side of the house. Emma grabbed a few rocks and tossed them at the neighboring window with the cancer stick hanging in between her lips. The smoke stung her lips. Eddie opened his window and peered down at the girl. Emma grinned with a wave. Eddie looked back in her room as a familiar boy popped his head out the window as well. Richie. Emma's grin widened as she put out the cigarette.

"Hey there, Doll face!" Richie called as quietly as possible. Emma shook her head.

"Can I come up?" she questioned. Eddie eagerly nodded. Emma looked around the area and spotted the ladder. She rested it against the house and began climbing up. She grunted from the pain but pushed through. She reached the window and grinned at the two boys who stared at her with wide eyes. From the ground they didn't notice her busted lip and bruises forming on her face. She knew the two other boys would be arriving soon. The boys had planned a sleep over but of course she couldn't attend because Eddie's mom simply wouldn't allow it.

"Em, what the fuck!" Richie whispered as the boys helped her climb in the window.

"Did your mom do that?" Eddie asked bewildered. Emma stayed silent. Her grin falling from her lips. She scowled as she looked away from her concerned friends.

"It's nothing." She mumbled as she held her stomach. The boys shared a glance before looking at the bruised girl.

"I'll be back. I'm gonna shower before Bill and Stan get here." Richie mumbled as he took his backpack, exiting the room. Now it was just Eddie and Emma. Eddie continued to stare at the bruises on Emma's face.

"Eds stop staring at me, dude." She said as she playfully shoved him with a small smile. He didn't smile back. He just continued to stare.

"It's not funny, Emma." He said quickly. He always spoke quickly. He paced the room in front of her as she sat on his bed. Eddie could smell the smoke on her clothes but for some reason he didn't mind.

"Why?" he finally asked. Emma shrugged. He wasn't buying it.

"Emma," he started. The brunette fell back on to his bed. Grunting as she held her side.

"Because, stupid fuck is hitting her. She was trying to leave to go see him and I tried stopping her." She admitted. Eddie stopped pacing and stared at the ground. Emma scoffed.

"Your mom-"

"I don't have a mom, Eds. My mom died the day Kurtis did. The day my-" she stopped herself. She never brought up her father. She shook her head. "Deidra," the name rolled off her tongue, full of spite. "Deidra said she wishes it were me. Instead of him." She finished. Eddie shook his head in disbelief. How could a mother tell that to her child? Sure, everyone of the boys didn't have the best parents. Eddie's overbearing mom, Richie's mom wishing constantly that he was a girl and his dad always working, Bill's neglectful parents and Stan's parents who constantly nagged him for not being perfect, but none of them abused them the way Emma's mother did. None of them wished their child was dead. Emma stared up at the ceiling as she took a deep breath.

"I-is it just your face?" He stuttered. She shook her head as she slowly rolled back up. She flinched in pain. He noticed her holding her ribs. "Are you sure you're okay? Are you sure she didn't break anything? What if she did? We should get you to a hospital! We should-" Emma put her hand up, motioning for the boy to stop. His mind was racing a mile a minute.

"Eds, I'm fine. Relax. Here." She tossed over his inhaler which was laying on his bed. He nodded as he took a deep breath of it. He sat next to her. She leaned her head on his shoulder and sighed. He could feel the heat rising to his cheeks as she put a hand on his knee. "Don't tell Richie or the guys, okay?" she mumbled. Hesitantly he nodded. He didn't know if he should wrap his arm around her or just stay still. His heart racing. His arm twitched but he kept it to his side as she readjusted her head on her shoulder. He felt his hands get clammy and his anxiety was kicking in but instead of reaching for his inhaler he patted her head with his other hand. She chuckled as she intertwined her pinky with his.

"Thanks for being a good friend, Eds. I'm glad I met you." she mumbled. His heart sank. 'Friend.' He nodded as he mentally kicked himself. He couldn't help it. Every time he was around her, she made his heart beat out of his chest. He desperately wished the feelings he had would go away. Desperately because he saw how she would look

at Richie. How Richie would look at her. Eddie sighed mentally. He could never compete and he knew it. He wished the way he'd catch her looking at Richie, that she would look at him that way too. The only thing was, the two were completely oblivious to how the other felt. Eddie thought because of that, maybe, just maybe he still had a chance. Maybe Emma would eventually grow feelings for him. The moment he laid eyes on his neighbor, he developed a crush. She was the most beautiful things he laid eyes on. But no one knew that. For Eddie, it was love at first sight. He knew he had to tell her. He tried to many times before, but he had to now.

"Emma, can I tell you?"

There was a knock on Eddie's door. Emma jumped up, bewildered as she dove on the side of his bed.

"Y-yes?" Eddie called. Sonia Kaspbrak opened the door.

"Eddie Bear, Stan and Bill are here." She smiled as she let the boys in.

"Th-thank you, Mommy." He said quickly. Mentally groaning, knowing Emma was probably trying to hold back a giggle. Sonia closed the door as Bill and Stan placed their bags on the floor. Emma popped her head out from the side of the bed, making the two unsuspecting boys jump.

"Hey guys!" She said cheerfully. Bill chuckled as he hugged the girl. Then looking closely at her face.

"Wh-what happened to you?" He asked as she hugged Stan. Emma sighed.

"Nothing, long story." She said as she plopped back down next to Eddie. She draped her arm over his shoulder. He gulped at the closeness and could see Stan smirking in the corner of his eye. "Eds it's adorable how you call your mom, 'Mommy' " She giggled as she pinched his cheek with her other hand. The boys laughed. Adorable? That was a word you described to use when you talked about a puppy. He didn't want to be adorable. He shrugged her off.

"Yeah, yeah!" he groaned. Richie entered the room. Great.

"It's a real party now, huh fellas!" Richie announced as he made his grand entrance causing Emma to laugh. Eddie loved that laugh, seeing the look on Richie's face, he knew he loved it too. The boys all set out their sleeping bags on the floor as the group of five talked about school and how Henry Bowers slowly began picking everyone except Emma and Bill.

"You know Patrick took a dump in my backpack last week?" Richie added. Emma made a disgusted face.

"What!? Is that why you got a new one!?" Eddie questioned.

"Yeah, I remember one day you didn't even bring one with you to English!" Emma added on.

"Well, I couldn't smell like caca!" Richie exclaimed as the others laughed. Eddie caught Emma looking at Richie with a longing look as he did his impressions. A pain formed in his chest.

"Well I'm pooped, pun intended Rich!" Stan joked as he laid in his sleeping bag, Bill doing the same with a chuckle. Richie wiggled his eyebrows at Emma, causing her to giggle.

"Wanna share my sleeping bad with me, Emma?" He asked slyly. Eddie felt his blood boil.

'Please say no, please say no, please say no!' He pleaded mentally. Emma scoffed.

"In your dreams, Trashmouth! I rather share the bed with Eddie Bear." She joked. He knew it was a joke but he felt his heart flutter.

"Hey now! What does Eds have that I don't!?" Richie complained as he pouted, crawling in to his sleeping bag. Emma shrugged as she looked over at Eddie.

"He's a real charmer!" She winked. He felt butterflies in his stomach as he smiled back at the brunette.

"Charmer my ass!" Richie argued back as he took off his glasses, placing them next to him.

Eddie sat up in his bed as the boys slowly began to fall asleep.

"I should get going." Emma mumbled as she made her way to the window. Eddie raced after her.

"Are you sure?" He asked quickly, remembering her injuries. She placed a foot on the ladder.

"Can't have your mom waking up early, seeing me in your room or looking outside and seeing the ladder, now can we, Eddie Spaghetti?" She winked again. "See ya tomorrow!" His heart melted as she climbed down. She removed the ladder and put it back in its hiding spot before disappearing in to her house. He stared at her window as he watched the lamp turn on. Snoring was heard from behind him. Richie. Of course. He smiled at his friend and looked back over to the window to see Emma smiling back at him. With a wave she disappeared. Eddie sighed as he made his way back over to his bed. He laid there, staring at the ceiling. He thought of the brunette and how close he was to finally telling her. He battled with his thoughts on whether it was the right thing to do or if he should just keep it to himself. His lids felt heavy, as he finally closed them. It would be a

fight with himself to deal with another day.

A/N: Man, I have mixed feelings about this chapter. I know it's taking me a while to actually get to the story line. I have other OC's I haven't introduced yet and you're probably wondering where the hell my OC's are but I swear they're coming. I swear, I'm trying to get there but I really want people to see what Emma goes through. I hate putting my OC's through hell but she has a hellish story to tell! I really hope you all liked this chapter and like the story so far. Also, I added some things in previous chapters, so if you're following or favoriting, feel free to go back and reread what I've edited! Don't forget to tell me your thoughts! Tell me what you like, what you don't like, etc., I would love feedback! I really want to know what you, the viewers/the readers think! Do you like it, do you hate it? Let me know! Thanks so much for still reading. Love you all!

7. 7) Reunion

JUNE

Today was officially the last day of school. Emma sat in her math class with a bored expression as she tapped her pencil, impatiently staring at the clock. It was the last class of the day and she couldn't take it anymore. Quickly, she stood up, grabbing the teachers attention.

"Miss Morales, can I help you?" Mr. Cavanaugh asked. Emma shrugged making her way to the door. "Uh, Miss Morales! You can't just leave without permission! There's only 5 minutes of class left." He called nervously. Emma scowled and turned around.

"I have to pee. Watch me." She turned back around and exited the room, closing the door behind her. She walked in to the girls restroom, placing a cigarette between her teeth as she leaned against the stall. She lit the cigarette, inhaling the nicotine. Upon exhaling, a red headed girl entered the restroom. Emma's eyes met the girl as the girl flashed a smile. it was none other than Beverly Marsh.

"Think I can bum one of those off you?" She asked. With a small smile, Emma nodded, offering the open pack of cancer sticks. Beverly took one, also taking the lighter the smaller girl had to offer. Beverly and Emma never talked much even though they shared a couple of classes together but they were friendly. Whenever rumors circled around about Beverly, Emma still defended her and never believed a single word. Beverly leaned against the wall with a sigh. "Thanks." Emma nodded as Beverly's smile widened. "No, not just the smoke but for sticking up for me. It doesn't go unnoticed." Emma shrugged.

"I wouldn't want people to spread rumors about me either." Beverly nodded as she took a drag of the cigarette.

"Hey, I know this is random but would you maybe want to hang out this summer? I always wanted to talk to you outside of class but you were always with the boys." Emma blinked a couple of times. Since moving to Derry, most of the girls at school avoided her like the plague. For the past nine months the only friends she had were the boys. A smile tugged on the brunettes lips as she nodded. Beverly flashed a smile. "Cool!" The girls giggled as the bell rang.

"Well, I gotta go meet those dummies. I'll see you around Bev. I'll call you." Beverly nodded and waved as the smaller girl exited the

restroom. The hallway filled with students as Emma struggled to get passed them. School was finally over and summer had began. The perks of being small was being able to squeeze through tight crowds. Although difficult she made her way through down a flight of stairs. She grunted as she bumped into Gretta Keene.

"Watch it Emily!" The girl growled. Emma looked back with a questionable look.

"It's Emma..." She mumbled as she watched the female bully ascend up the stairs. She shrugged it off and continued down the hallway. She continued to squeeze through the flock of students. Descending another flight of stairs, she noticed her group of friends down the hallway.

"Guys!" She called as she tried to wave. The boys turned around for a moment but turned back around. "Damn it!" she cursed as she began pushing through the students, no longer trying to be polite about it. The boys exited the school, standing around waiting for their friend, before making their ways to their bikes.

"Where the hell is she?" Richie asked causing the other boys to shrug. Almost on cue Emma emerged from the crowd.

"Here!" She grinned as she panted. The boys laughed as she tried to catch her breath. "N-Not funny! I was calling you guys!" She argued as they began walking towards the trash bin.

"It's not our fault your so short Em." Stan teased. Emma playfully shoved him as the group removed their backpacks from their shoulders, unzipping them. The boys and the brunette emptied their backpacks eagerly into the trashcan.

"Best feeling ever!" Stan grinned. Emma looked over at Richie who smirked. Here came the Trashmouth with one of his smart remarks.

"Yeah? Try tickling your pickle for the first time!" Richie joked, causing Stan to roll his eyes. Emma shook her head.

"Beep Beep Richie!" She laughed. He grinned back at her as he winked. She rolled her eyes as she put the unzipped backpack back on. Looking between the two Eddie shifted uncomfortably.

"Hey, what do you guys want to do tomorrow?" He asked as Emma walked over to Eddie as she draped her arm over Eddie's shoulder as she usually did. He almost wanted to smile as Richie looked uncomfortable himself.

"I start my training!" Richie exclaimed, clearly confusing Eddie. Emma raised an eyebrow.

"What training?" she asked.

"Street Fighter!"

"Is that how you wanna spend your summer? Inside of an arcade?" Eddie questioned as Emma removed her arm, as she made her way over to Richie.

"Beats spending it inside of your mother! Ooh!" He grinned as he raised his arm for a high five from Stan. Stan quickly shot the Trashmouth down as he yanked Richie's arm back down. Emma rolled her eyes as she raised her hand to hit the back of his head as he looked at her with pleading eyes. "You wouldn't hit a guy with glasses, would you?" he mocked. Emma glared as she hit him in the back of the head with her open palm. "Ow!" he cried as he rubbed his head.

"I said beep beep, Doofus!" she growled

"What if we got to the quarry?" Stan asked. Bill shifted uncomfortably, catching Emma's attention.

"Guys, we have the B-Barrens" he stuttered. Emma nodded.

"Right." she agreed. At the beginning of the week they had all promised him to go to the Barrens to see if there was any way they could find Georgie. He smiled at her as she returned the small smile, seeing as she didn't forget. An older woman stepped in to her view, catching Eddie's attention as well. Behind her was Butch who smiled at Emma with a slight wave. Emma scoffed as her gaze averted to the ground. "Bastard," she mumbled. The rest of the group looked at the older woman who searched through the crowd of students.

"Betty Ripsom's mom." Eddie finally said, breaking the silence. Emma looked back up, seeing Butch still staring in her direction. Through the dark sun glasses she couldn't tell if he was staring at her directly or just monitoring the other students.

"Is she really expecting her to come out of that school?" Stan asked. Emma looked at the older woman sympathetically. Weeks prior, Betty Ripsom, one of Emma's classmates in science had gone missing, along with a few other kids over the months.

"I don't know. As if Betty Ripsom's been hiding in Home Ec. for the last few weeks." Eddie answered.

"You think they'll actually find her?" Emma asked more to herself than the boys. Richie leaned his arm on the girls shoulder.

"Sure. In a ditch. All decomposed, covered in worms and maggots," Bill shot Richie a look as the boy continued.

"Smelling like Eddie's mom's underwear." Eddie made a disgusted face.

"Shut up! That's freaking disgusting." he yelled.

"Yeah, Rich. Why are you smelling Mrs. K's underwear." Emma joked back making Richie's face drop.

"I-I didn't-"

"She's not dead. Sh-She's just mi-mi-missing." Bill defended, causing Emma and Richie to realize their insensitive remark. Emma looked away shamefully, tucking a few long brown strands behind her ear. Richie pushed up his glasses with the arm resting on Emma's shoulder.

"Sorry, Bill. She's missing." Richie reasoned. Bill turned around to walk off as Richie took a few steps forward to follow, removing his arm from Emma's shoulder. "You know the Barrens aren't that bad. Who doesn't love splashing around in shitty water." Within seconds Richie was pulled back by his backpack by Henry bowers, knocking over Stan. Henry shoving Emma out of the way. Patrick picks up Stan's Kippah from the ground as he smirked.

"Nice Frisbee, Flamer!" Patrick Hocksetter joked as he teased Stan with it as Stan argued for it back. Laughing Patrick tosses the kippah in to the window of a moving bus. "Fucking losers!" Belch went around, behind Eddie and burped in to his ear, causing the boy to gag. Emma glared at the back of Henry Bowers as he bumped roughly in to Bill with his shoulder. Belch and Patrick joining their leader.

"Losers." he mumbled. Emma opened her mouth to say something to only be cut off by Bill

"You sssss-SUCK, Bowers!" Emma looked at Bill, shocked.

"Shut up, Bill!" Eddie called quietly as he tried to silence the boys newly found courage. Henry turned around as he glanced at Bill before locking eyes with Emma. His stare held nothing but hate and rage. He looked back at Bill.

"You s-s-s-say something, B-b-b-Billy?" Henry mocked. Emma felt her blood boil as she gritted her teeth. Richie stood up, helping Stan up as he dusted himself off. The group of five stared intensely at the group of bullies. "You got a free ride this year 'cause of your little brother." Henry walked closer to Bill with a smirk. "Ride's over, Denbrough." Henry stopped as he looked past the losers. Emma turned around as Butch takes a step closer to the group and removes his glasses, staring at Henry. Emma looked back at Henry as he caught her glance.

"What's the matter Henry, cat got your tongue?" She growled as the two glared at each other. Henry averted his glare to Bill.

"This summer's gonna be a hurt train for you and your faggot friends." Henry stated as he licked his hand, wiping it on Bill's face. Patrick laughed in the background as Henry pointed at Emma. "And you, Bitch. This ain't over. I'm going to make sure you wished you were six feet under with your dead brother." Emma internally flinched. She hated the way Henry brought up her brother. The group watched as the bullies made their way to Belch's car.

"I wish he'd go missing." Richie finally said. Emma glared at the car as it pulled away.

"He's probably the one doing it." Eddie added. The group grabbed their bikes and rode off.

"So what's the game plan here?" Emma asked as she rode a couple of circles around the group of boys. It was discovered that next to Bill she was the second fastest rider.

"I say we raid Eddie's house for snacks before going to the barrens." Richie pitched. Emma grinned at Eddie as he rolled his eyes.

"Sound like a plan, Eddie Bear?" She questioned as she raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah, yeah. I guess we can meet up at my house then go to the barrens from there.

"S-so it's a p-plan. We meet up at Eds, g-get some snacks, then w-we'll go to the barrens." Bill cleared up as everyone stopped at the front of Bills house. Everyone nodded.

"I probably can't meet up at Eddie's. My dad is making us welcome our new neighbors." Stan said as he looked at his friends. "Do you think you guys can come get me?" Emma patted Stan's shoulder.

"Of course, Stanley! Right guys?" The remainder of the group nodded.

"We'll raid some snacks for you. Don't worry." Stan smiled at Emma as she grinned back at him.

"Is your new neighbor hot?" Richie asked with a smile, causing Emma to glare back at him.

"Shut up, Rich." Eddie mumbled as he rolled his eyes. Stan looked down with a slight tint on his cheeks. Emma looked back at him and raised an eyebrow.

"Is it a she?" she questioned. Stan looked up at the girl shyly and nodded.

"And she's hot! Look at how red Stanley is getting!" Richie pointed out as he pointed at Stan.

"Sh-Shut up, Rich!" Stan stuttered as he tried to cover his face.

"I wanna go see!" Emma shouted as she took off. She quickly waved

back at Bill. "See ya tomorrow, Bill!" Stan quickly took off after the brunette followed by Richie with Eddie trailing behind.

"Emma wait!" Stan called as he struggled to keep up with the girl. Emma pulled up to Stan's house and dropped her bike as she noticed a blonde haired man carrying boxes in to the neighboring house. Emma squinted as the four boys had pulled up. Emma walked a little closer to the neighboring house as a pale girl with short emerged from the house about Emma's age. Emma's eyes widened as she took another step forward. Followed behind her was an older blonde girl with longer hair. The girls looked at each other as they laughed making their way to the car. Emma's legs shook.

"Rylee?" She called shakily. "Mavis?" The boys looked at the girl with a questionable look as she approached the brunette.

"Mavis was Kurt's girlfriend back in Texas. Rylee was my best friend." Emma mumbled still in shock.

"What the fuck! What are the odds!?" Richie shouted causing the girls to look in their direction. The younger girls jaw dropped as the older one stood there, shocked.

The two girls rushed over to the brunette.

"Emma!" The younger girl known as Rylee, cried as she embraced the brunette. Emma wrapped her arms around her as she felt the shock still setting in. Mavis grinned at the smaller girl.

"Em, how are you!?" Mavis asked. Mavis shifted her feet as a pink tint crept over her pale cheeks. "How's Kurt?" Emma felt her stomach drop as the boys shifted uncomfortably. Their father, Ted Walker walked over to the group.

"Little Emarosa Morales! Is that you?" Her anxiety was kicking in. The sudden reunion became too much. Emma broke away from the embrace, causing Rylee to give the brunette a questioning look.

"What's wrong Emma?" she questioned as the small girl took a couple steps back.

"Y-you don't know?" Emma was now looking at Mavis who also held a concerned stare as she looked back at Ted.

"Know what, Emma?" Emma looked back at her friends. Seeing she was about to have a mental breakdown Stan stepped forward, putting a hand on her shoulder.

"K-Kurt," she started as Stan squeezed her shoulder. "My brother died a little over a year ago." her voice cracked. The little color in Mavis's face drained as she cupped her hand over her mouth. Her father catching her before she dropped to her knees. Rylee looked back at

her sister with wide eyes, watching as the girl broke. Rylee looked back at Emma who watched as Mavis sobbed in to her fathers arms.

"H-how?" Rylee stuttered. Emma shook her head, not ready to explain the situation that her brothers life was taken from him by her father.

"I'm sorry for you lost, Emarosa." Ted said as he helped Mavis to her feet. "I really am." Ted Walker was always more of a father to her than her own. She wanted to cry and tell them everything but thought that all of the information would be too much at once. Emma looked down as Ted took his oldest daughter in to the house.

Emma felt another hand on her shoulder. She looked up to be met by her old friends light brown eyes.

"She wanted to move here for him when he didn't come back for school. She thought maybe he stayed because he didn't want to leave you in Derry." Emma shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Ry. I-" Rylee shook her head.

"Emma, it's okay. She's just going to need some time. I'm going to help Dad finish unpacking and maybe when we get settled, you can come by." Rylee looked behind Emma at the group of three boys. Her eyes landed on Stan who still had his hand on Emma's shoulder. She smiled warmly at him. "Considering one of your new friends is my new neighbor, I'll see you around, okay?" Emma nodded as she looked back down. Rylee quickly hugged her old friend and ran back in to the house. She had never expected to see Rylee, Mavis or Ted again. She sighed, feeling terrible about the newfound pain Mavis had to go through. She knew the feeling well and it hit her all over again. Emma turned around to face her friends who looked at the girl with concerned looks. In her mind, Kurt's bloodied face from that night flashed in her head. His lifeless eyes fixed on her. Emma shook her head as Eddie opened his mouth to say something. She walked around the boys and picked up her bike.

"I gotta get home." she mumbled as she swung her leg over the bike.

"I'll see you guys tomorrow." Richie pushed up his glasses as he stared at the girl.

"Emma," he called. She ignored him and took off. "Em!" He called again as he was about to take after the small girl but was stopped by Eddie who tugged on his shirt. Richie looked back at the shorter boy who simply shook his head.

"She needs time. This was a lot for her." Stan stated. Richie looked back noticing the brunette had almost disappeared out of view. He desperately wanted to go after her but agreed with his other two

friends as they watched her disappear.

Emma arrived to her house and threw her bike down. Upon entering the house she rushed past the kitchen, up the stairs to her room. She closed the door behind her, pressing her back against the door. She slid down to the ground as the tears began to fall. Images of the way Mavis's expression changed when she received the news flashed in her head. The heartbreak on her face, visibly showing as she cried into her fathers arms. They moved from Austin to Derry to find out it had been for nothing. To find out that Kurt was gone. The wound reopening to Emma. The night of the incident a little over a year ago, replaying in her head.

What a way to start the summer.

A/N: Okay so yes, this chapter sucked but I had to introduce my other OC's so forgive me D: We're getting in to the story line so I promise the upcoming chapters will be better! I really thank everyone who has stuck around through the crappy chapters. I really appreciate it but please give me some feedback! I'm going to try and get another chapter out tonight so stick around! Thanks again so much!

8. 8) The New Kid

Emma sighed as she examined herself in the mirror. She wore an sleeveless orange shirt and shorts with a bunch of random patches on the front with her normal black converse.

She grabbed her hair, holding it for a second, then letting it drop. She couldn't decide to wear it up or down. Leaving it down she shrugged as she walked down the stairs with her backpack on. She walked over to the front door ignoring the person in the kitchen who felt so unfamiliar. The woman she occasionally roomed with whenever she felt like coming home. The small girl could feel the eyes burning in to her as she exited the house. Emma grabbed her bike off the grass and walked it over next door. She grinned and waved at Bill and Richie who had just knocked on the door. Richie felt his heart drop as the sun shined on the brunette. Eddie answered the door, confused by Richie's stare, he turned in the direction and felt his heart beating against his chest as well. Emma had her famous big grin on her face and Eddie swore he could have melted. Emma's grin faded as she raised an eyebrow, crossing her arms over her chest.

"What is every one looking at? Do I look dumb or something?" She asked a little insecure considering she rarely wore shorts.

"N-no not at all," Eddie stuttered. Emma shrugged as she walked up the porch.

"Good, so are you gonna let us in?" Eddie gulped and nodded leading the girl and two boys in.

"Take everything but the Delicious Deals, guys. My mom loves them." Richie rummaged through the cabinet, stuffing his backpack with milk duds. As Eddie turned his back Emma waved a box of Delicious Deals at the Trashmouth with a wink before stuffing them in to her backpack. Richie grinned as he nodded, knowing Emma could not resist the oatmeal cremes. "Hey, first you said the Barrens and now you're saying the sewer. I mean, what if we get caught?" Eddie questioned Bill as he tried his hardest to ignore Emma and Richie's giggling.

"We won't Eds. The sewers are pu-pu-public works. We're the public aren't we?" Bill asked back.

Richie opens a medicine cabinet, exposing them to everyone. Emma's

eyes widened at the large supply.

"Hey, Eddie, these your both control pills?" Richie joked as he pointed at the bills.

"Yeah, and I'm saving it for you sister." Eddie grumbled. Emma giggled as she went for a high five, which Eddie happily reciprocated.

"This is private stuff." Richie scowled as Bill closed the cabinet of snacks. After everyone stuffed their bags with snacks they began walking towards the front of Eddie's house, as he stuffed his meds in his fanny pack. In the living room, Sonia Kaspbrak was seen sitting on the couch, watching TV, painting her nails.

"Eddie Bear, where you boys and Emma off to in such a rush?" Sonia questioned as she looked up from her nails. Emma looked at the boys as everyone exchanged nervous glances.

"J-j-just my backyard, Mrs. K. I got a new-" Bill stopped. Unsure of what excuse to use.

"A new croquet set. Jeez, spit it out, B-B-Bill!" Richie saved as he mocked Bill's stutter. Sonia stared for a bit, still slightly suspicious.

"Okay. Oh, and sweetie, don't go rolling around on the grass. Especially if it's just been cut. You know how bad your allergies can get." She finally said as she stared at Eddie. Something about Sonia Kaspbrak always seemed off to Emma. She never really questioned it but decided she would brush it off.

"Yes Mom." Eddie agreed. He began pushing the three of his friends out the door. "Let's go." He mumbled motioning for the door.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" Sonia questioned. Eddie, looking almost embarrassed as he sighs, motioning over to kiss her cheek as Richie stifles a laugh, chuckling. Emma snickers behind her hand as Eddie makes his way back to the door.

"Do you want one from me too Mrs. K?" Richie asks causing Emma to laugh out loud as Eddie begins shoving them out the door. Sonia rolls her eyes and continues painting her nails. "I was kidding!"

"No, no, no." He said pushing Richie down the porch steps. "Sorry Mommy!" He called as he quickly closes the door. Emma still laughing as she helped Richie to his feet. "That was so not funny!" Eddie growled as he grabbed his bike.

"Oh come on Eds, it was a little funny. You're too cute." Emma giggled. Eddie blushed as he looked down. A smile tugging at his lips. Richie stopped laughing as his smile quickly faded. He huffed and got on his bike and began pedaling to Stan's house.

"H-hey, R-Richie. Wait for us!" Bill called, taking off after the boy.

Emma looked over at Eddie who simply shrugged as they pedaled after the two boys.

The group of four had arrived at the Jewish boys house. Leaving his house was him and Rylee. Rylee smiled warmly at Emma with a slight wave. Emma waved back returning a small smile.

"I see you still have Little Red there." Rylee stated as she motioned her hand to the brunette's bike. Emma's smile widened as she nodded. Rylee was the one who gave her the bike after all.

"Got it from one of the bests." It felt good to have Rylee around, no matter what was said between the two. Even after more than a year apart, Emma and Rylee still shared a bond. "Oh! Before I forget! You met these guys yesterday." Emma motioned at Eddie and Richie. "You already know Stan, but this little guy here is Eddie and this big Doofus here, is Richie. He's got a mouth on him so don't mind him." Emma giggled at the last part as Richie wiggled his eyebrows.

"What's up, hot stuff?" Rylee laughed as Emma shook her head.

"Leave her alone, Rich. And you didn't meet him yesterday but this is our other friend, Bill." Emma motioned to Bill who shyly waved. "Bill this is my friend from Texas, Rylee." Rylee waved with a sweet smile.

"Hey, do you think Rylee can come with us to the Barrens?" Stan asked as he rubbed the back of his neck. Rylee looked back at him with a red tint creeping across her cheeks. Emma smirked.

"I mean sure, if Rylee doesn't mind splashing around in the sewers instead." Emma answered with a shrug.

"Sewers?" Stan squeaked. Emma and Rylee giggled as Rylee ended up walking over to her house.

"Let me just grab my bike!" Rylee called as she disappeared in to her garage. Ted walked out of the garage, waving at Emma and the boys. They waved back as Rylee emerged from the garage. A familiar bike to Emma in her hands. Emma smiled at the girl and began pedaling.

"Let's see how fast the old thing is, Ry." She called as Bill passed her up. Emma behind him, followed by Rylee. Passing by the library Bill, Emma and Rylee giggled as they raced towards the sewers.

"Slow down!" Richie called to the three riders in front.

"Hi-ho, Silver! Away!" Bill cried with a grin on his face.

"Your old lady bikes are too fast for us!" Richie called again, making the three laugh. Upon reaching the sewer the group except Stan and Rylee dropped their bikes. They placed the kickstand and set their bikes gently, smiling at each other.

"That's poison ivy. And that's poison ivy. And that's poison ivy." Stan stated as he begins pointing out at random plants. Rylee giggled as she stuck close to Emma. Emma couldn't help but shake her head as Eddie began to panic.

"Where? Where's the poison ivy?" He questioned as he looked around frantically.

Stan points everywhere and Richie turns around, holding a stick.

"Nowhere. Not every fucking plant is poison ivy, Stanley." Emma smiled at the Trashmouths remark. He was funny even when he wasn't trying to be. Rylee nudged the brunette with a raised eyebrow. The boys continued on as the two girls lagged behind.

"Is it the short one or the one with a loud mouth?" The blonde nudged again.

"Huh?" Emma questioned. It was her turn to raise an eyebrow. Rylee rolled her eyes.

"Which one do you like?" She asked. Emma flushed.

"I-I don't like them! They're just my friends!" Rylee shook her head as she continued ahead.

"You hang out with five boys and don't like a single one? I don't buy it Em!" She sang, causing Emma to quickly catch up. The two girls were now in front of Stan and Eddie.

"Okay, I'm starting to get itchy now and I'm pretty sure this is not good for my-" Eddie started as the girls giggle among themselves.

"Do you use the same bathroom as your mother?" Richie interrupted. Bill shines his flashlight in the sewer as he enters, Richie follows as the girls followed him, splashing in the water as Eddie and Stan stay behind.

"Sometimes, yeah." Eddie admitted as Rylee snickered.

"Then you probably have crabs!" Richie stated as it was Emma's turn to snicker.

"That's so not funny. Emma, come on it's not funny." Emma turns around and shrugs as she bit her bottom lip trying not to laugh. She then realized that him and Stan weren't coming in.

"Aren't you guys coming in?" Richie asked as he also realized they weren't following. Eddie shakes his head vigorously.

"Uh-uh. It's grey water."

"What the hell's grey water?" Richie and Emma asked in unison. Eddie looked between the two as he scrunched up his nose. He thought for a moment.

"It's basically piss and shit. So I'm just telling you," Eddie holds up his

hands in defense. "You guys are splashing around in millions of gallons of Derry pee. So.." Richie pulls his stick out of the water and sniffs it. Emma stared at him as she scrunched her nose with a chuckle.

"Are you serious? What are you-" Eddie questioned as he stared in horror. Rylee laughed as she made a disgusted face.

"Dude, gross." Rylee commented. Richie grinned at her. Emma felt her stomach do flips.

"Doesn't smell like caca to me, señor!" Richie exclaimed in his horrible Spanish accent. Emma raised an eyebrow, the smile tugging on her lips, betraying her fake offense. Richie grinned at her as Eddie begins to stammer.

"Okay, I can smell that from here." He argued.

"Is it always like this between them?" Rylee asked, obviously amused. Emma nodded as they continued to watch the boys bicker.

"It's probably just your breath wafting back into your face." Richie fought back as he used a hand motion to demonstrate, to his face. Eddie scoffs.

"Have you ever heard of a staph infection?" Eddie asked as he motioned with his playfully pushes his stick in front of Eddie

"Oh I'll show you staff infection!" The girls giggle at the boys' banter as Stan rolls his eyes. Richie begins splashing towards Eddie, getting the girls slightly wet.

"Oh, fuck! Come on Rich!" Emma cried as she rushed out of the way, getting behind Richie who was smiling. Rylee ran over to Emma as the boys continued.

"Well, hi there Rylee. Got a man?" Richie questioned as he winked. Rylee laughed, shaking her head as Emma's smile fell.

"This is so unsanitary. You're literally- This is literally like swimming inside of a toilet bowl right now. Have you ever heard of Listeria?" Emma rolled her eyes playfully as she winked at Eddie. Seeing he was distracted, Richie lifted up something with the stick and tosses it at Eddie who screams then stammers.

"Are you retarded? You're the reason why we're in this position right now!" Eddie cried. Richie continues to try splashing Eddie with the stick who flinches. Emma turns around to their quiet leader as he lifts up a shoe. He shines his flash light on it.

"Holy shit," Emma whispered as she rushed over to him.

"Guys!" Bill called as he shows the shoe as Emma grabbed the flashlight, shining it on the shoe.

"Shit! Don't tell me that's-" Stan started. Rylee shot a questioning look at Stan as Eddie looked back at him nervously before looking back towards Bill.

"No. G-G-Georgie wore galoshes." Bill stated. Emma could feel the sense of relief off Bill, but also the concern he held. Richie joins, examining the shoe. Emma looked up at him as he focused on the name.

"Who's sneaker is it?" Rylee asked, clearly confused by everything. Emma made a mental note to catch her up on everything before she asked too many questions. Richie holds the shoe as Bill flashes the light over the marking, reading B. RIPSOM . Bill looks at Richie as Richie looks up.

"It's Betty Ripsom's." Emma shut her eyes as she cringed slightly. She could feel the chill running down her spine and the goosebumps surfacing her arms.

"Oh, shit. Oh, god. Oh, fuck! I don't like this." Eddie mumbled as he shook his head. Richie smiled.

"How do you think Betty feels? Running around these tunnels with only one frickin' shoe?"

Richie hops on one foot with the shoe in one hand, raising the stick in the other, laughing at his own joke. Rylee gave him a questionable look as Emma shook her head. Every one stared at Richie for a moment.

"Beep. Beep." Emma mumbled. Richie realizes no one is laughing causing his smile to falter.

"What if she's still here?" Stan asked, interrupting the sudden silence from Richie's not-so-funny joke. Everyone looks at Stan. Bill then steps forward, shining his light down the tunnel as Richie and the girls follow.

"Eds come on!" Emma called.

"My mom will have an aneurysm, okay, if she finds out that we're playing down here. I'm serious. Bill?" Eddie called. Bill looked back at Eddie.

"If...If I was Betty Ripsom, I would want us to find me." Everyone looked down except Rylee, already predicting what he was about to say next. "G-G-Georgie too."

"What if I don't want to find them?" Eddie asked. Emma stared at the small boy in disbelief. Did he really just say that? Eddie hated the way she looked at him. He shut his eyes as he mentally kicked himself. But he was scared. He was scared to end up the way Betty

and Georgie did. He didn't want Emma and his friends to go missing too. He felt every one's stare on him. He inhaled as he continued, "I mean, no offense Bill, but I don't want to end up like G-..." Eddie looked at Emma again who sent him a pleading look. He stopped himself before continuing again. "I don't want to go missing either."

"He has a point." Stan agreed. Rylee looked over at Stan as well. He looked back at her with a scared expression. "There's been kids disappearing around Derry, Bill's brother is one of them." He explained. Emma glared slightly at Stan for being so insensitive. Rylee looked down.

"Y-y-you too?" Bill asked, clearly hurt.

"It's summer. We're supposed to be having fun. This isn't fun." Stan pauses as Richie shrugs as Bill looks over to him. "This is scary and disgusting." he finished.

"Scary and disgusting is turning away from all of this." Rylee mumbled causing Stan to look at her with a pleading look. Scaring the group of six, shitless, the new kid from Richie and Emma's English class splashes in the water behind Stan and Eddie, grunting, causing Stan to gasp as they whipped around. Ben tries to get up but falls back down as Richie exits the tunnel with Betty's shoe. Bill follows. As Emma rushed over to the boy to get him out of the water.

"Holy shit, what happened to you?" Richie asked. Emma looked at the group

"Is anyone going to fucking help here?!" She shouted as she struggled to help him to his feet. Ben looks over as Stan and Eddie race to help get him up.

"Shit, Ben. Are you okay?" Emma asked concerned as the boy held his stomach.

"Y-yeah." He mumbled. Bill ran over to get his bike, kicking the stand down.

"R-Rich, Rylee, h-help me get him up." Bill called as Emma, Stan and Eddie tried pushing Ben up. Bill, Rylee and Richie grabbed Ben's arm and pulled him up causing the bigger boy to groan in pain.

"What the hell happened to you?" Richie asked as he huffed and panted to catch his breath. Ben's shirt was slightly raised, revealing a bleeding 'H' carved in. Bill gulped as Emma, Stan and Eddie made their way back around to the group. Emma gasped as she noticed the cut.

"Henry did this?" She asked almost growling. She noticed that Ben had become a new target for Bowers. Shamefully Ben pulled down his

shirt as he looked away. Emma shook her head. "There's no need to be ashamed Ben." She placed a hand on his shoulder. "Now lets go get you fixed up." Ben smiled and nodded as she offered him her hand. He gladly took it, wincing in pain.

"Bill, can you put him on your bike?" Rylee asked. Bill nodded as Emma helped Ben sit on the end of the bike. The group got their bikes and biked out of the wooded area. Bill rushed as everyone followed after him.

"I think it's great that we're helping out the new kid but also we need to think of our own safety. I mean he's bleeding all over and you guys know that there's an AIDS epidemic happening right now as we speak, right?" Emma rolled her eyes as Eddie continued. " My mom's friend in New York City got it by touching a dirty pole on the subway. And a drop of AIDS blood got into his system through a hangnail. A hangnail! A-And you can amputate legs and arms. But how do you amputate a waist. How do you amputate a waist!?"

"Shut up, Eddie!" Rylee hissed as Bill turns in to an ally. He stops and places Ben against the wall as Richie drops his bike.

"You guys do know that alleys are known for dirty needles that have AIDS, right? You guys do know that?"

"Eds, come on!" Emma groaned as she kneeled lifting up Ben's shirt, examining the wound.

"Richie, Emma wait here." Bill signaled for Eddie, Rylee and Stan to follow him. "Come on!" Emma dropped Ben's shirt as he stared at her with concerned eyes as the group of four ran towards the store

"You'll live." Emma bit her bottom lip. "I think." she mumbled as Ben's eyes slightly widened.

"Glad I got to meet you before you died." Richie stated. Emma looked over at the Trashmouth and shoved him as Ben looked up at Richie, holding his stomach. Richie looks down in awkward silence as he shifted uncomfortably.

"How'd this happen, Ben?" Emma asked as she crouched next to him. Remembering her snacks she pulled out the Delicious Deals box and offered one to Ben. He took it and smiled.

"Thanks." She smiled at him as he ate the oatmeal creme.

"Give me one of those, Dweeb!" Richie reached as she moved the box away.

"No way, Doofus!" Ben chuckled as he continued holding his stomach as he finished the oatmeal creme.

"I uh, I was leaving the library and Henry saw me. You know that

bridge?" Emma nodded.

"Yeah, the kissing bridge where couples go to carve their initials in to right?" Ben nodded.

"Hey Em, maybe we should do that, what do ya say?" Richie chimed in. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Shut it, Rich!" She growled.

"I didn't hear a no! If not I'm just gonna have to ask Rylee." Emma rolled her eyes again as she looked back at Ben. She hated that he said that. She hated it. He wish he'd stop making those stupid comments about her best friend.

"Go on Ben."

"Well Henry got his friends to hold me down and he did, well that." He motioned to his stomach. "I managed to kick him and fall over the bridge. They chased me so I just kept running until I couldn't anymore. That's when I found you guys." Emma sighed, feeling sorry for the boy.

"We got it! We got it!" Eddie cried as he ran over with a bunch of stuff in his arms. Eddie crouched in front of Ben as he examined the wound, almost gagging at the sight of the cut. "Okay, okay. I got this." He mumbled.

"Just suck the wound!" Richie chimed in with a chuckle.

"I need to focus right now." Eddie growled.

"You need to focus?" Richie mocked as Eddie cleans out Ben's cut.

"Yeah, Rylee, can you go get me something?" Eddie asked.

"What do you need?" Rylee questioned as she looked back at Emma. Emma shrugged.

"Go get my bifocals. I hid 'em in my second fanny pack." Rylee looked confused.

"Why the hell do you have two fanny packs?" Emma questioned as she watched Eddie clean the wound. Without any one noticing Bill steps away.

"I need to focus right now and it's a long story. I don't want to get in to it."

"Oh, God, he's bleeding. Oh, my God!" Stan cringed.

"No shit Stanley!" Emma cried.

"You have to suck the wound before you apply the Band-Aids. This is 101!" Richie joked. Emma couldn't help but snicker as Eddie lifts up Ben's shirt to review the bandage he just placed that was already seeping through with bright red blood.

"You don't know what you're talking about!" Eddie argued with

Richie.

"Are you okay? That looks like it hurts!" A red headed girl approached. Emma smiled at the girl as she rushed to hug her. Beverly hugged the girl back.

"Oh. No, I'm good. I just fell." Ben said confidently.

"Yeah, right into Henry Bowers." Richie added.

"Sh-sh-shut it, R-R-Richie." Bill threatened.

"Why, it's the truth!" Richie fought back as Ben looks down. Still obviously embarrassed.

"You sure they got the 'right stuff' to fix you up?" Beverly winked as Ben shyly smiled back. Emma noticed as a small smile tugged at her lips.

"Y-you know, w-w-we'll take care of him, thanks again Beverly." Bill smiled.

"Sure. Maybe I'll see you around." Emma nodded eagerly.

"Y-yeah w-we were thinking about going to the qu-quarry tomorrow if you wanna go." Bill offered. Richie stared in disbelief. The plan was clearly last minute but he was shocked that Bill had invited her. The group was already big enough with six people but now there was seven?

"Good to know. Thanks." Beverly walked off with a wave as Eddie stood up, wiping his hands.

'Great' Richie thought.

"Nice going, bringing up Bowers in front of her." Stan mumbled.

"Yeah, dude, you heard what she did." Ben looked up, confused as Emma glared at Eddie, causing him to shrink back.

"What'd she do?" He questioned.

"More like 'Who'd she do?' From what I heard the list is longer than my wang." Richie grabbed himself with a grin as Eddie shook his head. Emma hit him over the head, as Rylee looked away in disgust.

"That's not saying much." Stan stated causing Rylee to laugh.

"They're just rumors, Rich. Do you not listen to Beep Beep anymore?" Emma mumbled as Bill looked at her thankfully. Richie pouted, before looking at Ben

"Anyway, Bill had her back in third grade." Richie started, Emma looked over at Bill as he smiled as he remembered the fond memory as Stan smirked. "They kissed in the school play. The reviews said you can't fake that sort of passion." Emma and Rylee 'awed' as Bill blushed, trying to cover his face. "Now, pip-pip and tally-ho, my good fellows, I do believe this chap requires our utmost attention." Richie

pped in a British accent. The bug eyed boy pushed Eddie towards Ben. "Now get in there, Dr. K. Come on, fix him up!" Emma giggled at Richie's horrible accent. No matter how bad they were, she loved them. Eddie looked over with a somber look as he knelt over to clean Ben's wound again, redressing the bandages.

"Why don't you shut the fuck up, Einstein, because I know what I'm doing and I don't want you doing the British guy with me right now." Richie smirked as he motioned his arm.

"Suck the wound! Get in there!" he continued in the accent as Emma laughed some more as Eddie finished redressing Ben's wound. Eddie stood up and mentally sighed as Emma continued to laugh. She was the only one laughing as Richie looked back. Eddie stared as Richie continued to make Emma laugh with his stupid voices and dumb jokes. Eddie felt his heart break slightly as Richie looked at the girl with a look he was familiar with. It was the way Eddie himself looked at her.

Richie smiled, realizing he could always make the brunette laugh. His jokes never failed, even when she was sad.

And he always loved her laugh.

A/N: OMG Okay! Phew. This was my longest chapter yet and I hoped you really liked it! I'm debating on starting to write in first persons but not too sure. Let me know what you guys think! I enjoyed writing this chapter and I hope you guys enjoyed it just as much!

9. 9) Who Can It Be?

"Hey, Emma, we're going to take Ben back to his house and then head home after, you coming with?" Eddie asked as the boys hopped on to their bikes. Emma shook her head as she mounted her bike.

"I'm gonna head over to Rylee's for a bit." Emma answered, she looked over at Ben who smiled shyly. "Make sure you take care of him! Or I'll sock the four of you!" She joked as Rylee joined her. Eddie looked back at the group of boys.

"We'll see you at the quarry tomorrow, right Emma?" Stan asked as he glanced between the brunette and blonde girl.

"Of course!" With a wave the two girls were off.

"So, you gonna sleep over and then we can head over to the quarry?" Rylee asked as the girl's rode side by side. A certain red headed girl flashed in to Emma's mind as they neared Rylee's house. Emma skidded to a stop as she usually did.

"Yeah, but hey you remember that girl we saw earlier? Beverly?" Rylee nodded as she raised an eyebrow. "You think we can invite her to sleep over too? I promised her I'd hang out this summer and considering all the boys are meeting there, why can't us girls go together?" Emma reasoned. Rylee nodded eagerly at the thought of having another female friend go with them. "Awesome! Well I'm going to go pack and call her. I'll be over later!" Rylee nodded with a wave as Emma took off. Emma sped off to her house, dropping her bike in the front yard as she ran inside. She opened the front door and immediately ran to the phone. She searched the phone book for Marsh and dialed the number.

"Hello?" A weak female voice answered.

"Hey Beverly, it's Emma! I was wondering if you maybe wanted to have a sleep over, that way we could all go to the quarry together!" Emma blurted with excitement. Sniffles filled the other line causing Emma's smile to drop. "Bev, you okay? What's wrong?" She questioned. Beverly cleared her throat.

"I'd be happy to sleep over. I need to get away from my house for a bit. I'll tell you more about it whenever we hang out. Do you want to come get me, then we can ride together?"

"Yeah, I just gotta get my stuff because it's going to be at my friend Rylee's. She's coming to the quarry with us." Emma agreed. The brunette noticed an open letter on the counter. She walked over to it

and flipped it over seeing the return address was from Mavis with their current Derry address. She scanned the letter, noticing it was her pleading to Kurt for everything to be a lie. Some kind of sick joke. Emma opened a drawer and noticed many other letters from over the past year.

"Sounds good, so I'll see you in about thirty?" Beverly asked. Emma felt the anger building up as she sorted through the mail.

"Yeah, I'll see you then Bev." Emma replied absent mindedly. Beverly said her goodbyes as Emma hung up the phone. She sorted letter after letter, realizing there was over a dozen. The front door opened as Emma continued filing through the envelopes, all of them ripped open. Deidra walked in to view, staring at the envelopes in Emma's hand. Emma looked up as she waved the envelopes in the air.

"Emma, I know these past few months between us have been rough. I decided I'm going to stop drinking and be better, when I got those letters, I was in a bad place, still trying to come to terms with Kurtis not being here anymore, I couldn't tell her the truth if I was still coming to terms with it myself." Deidra tried to explain. Emma stared at the woman in disbelief. The woman had a black eye and bruises up and down her arm. Emma shook her head.

"How are you going to say you're going to stop if you're pissed. You're drunk!" Emma shouted as she threw the envelopes on the counter. Deidra walked over to the girl.

"It's the last time, Baby. I promise!" The woman cupped Emma's face in her hands. "I'm still your mom, Ems." Emma shut her eyes tightly.

"Don't call me that, Deidra." She stated firmly, pushing the drunk woman's hands away. She opened her eyes to see the shocked expression on her mother's face. Never had Emma called her by her name to her face. Anger flashed in the older brunette's eyes.

"Emma, I am your mother, you will address me appropriately." Emma shook her head as she spat at the ground.

"My mother died. My mother has been dead for over a year now. You're NOT my mom. Just an empty shell of who she used to be." Emma said coldly. The woman struck her with a closed fist to her mouth. Emma cringed as she held her hand over her mouth. Deidra shook her head as she turned away. The smaller brunette jetted for the stairs and slammed the door behind her. Angrily she grabbed her back pack and threw it on the bed, stuffing it with pajamas and a white sleeveless shirt with roses and random black pair of shorts. She shoved a couple of bras and underwear along with a journal and a

few vinyls. There was a soft knock on her door.

"Emma, I'm sorry." Deidra cried from the other side of the door. Emma swung the backpack straps over her shoulder and opened the window as she heard the door knob rattle. She swung one leg out and the held on to the ledge as the rattling became more erratic. "EMMA!" The woman screamed. Emma closed her eyes and dropped from the ledge, landing in the bush below. Emma quickly got up and ran over to her bike, she hopped on and pedaled as fast as she could. She looked behind her, seeing Deidra stumble out of the house. "Emma, please!" The woman called. The brunette turned back around and looked forward as she pedaled as fast as her legs would allow her, backpack clinging to her back.

KNOCK KNOCK

Emma shrugged uncomfortably due to the weight of her backpack. A red headed, freckled girl opened the door with a grin.

"Hey, Em!" The freckled girls smile disappeared. "Woah, what happened to your lip?" She asked concerned as she reached out, touching the girls face. Emma looked away with a shrug.

"I'll explain later. Can we go?" The brunette pleaded. Beverly nodded. The two rushed down the stairs and hopped on to their bikes. Emma led the way to Rylee's and looked back at Beverly. The redhead's hair was a lot shorter, causing Emma to smile. "Short hair looks nice on you Bev. It looks good." She commented. Beverly smiled.

"Thanks."

The two girls arrived at Rylee's house, who didn't hesitate to open the door at the first knock. Opening the door, the blonde grinned, her grin also falling just as Beverly's did, but she remained silent.

"Hey Rylee, you guys didn't get to formally meet but this is Beverly. Beverly Marsh. Bev, this is Rylee Walker." Rylee smiled and extended a hand to Beverly who returned the smile and shook the blonde girls hand.

"Come on in!" Rylee motioned as she stepped aside. The two girls obliged as Rylee led them in to her room. The pale blonde quickly shut the door, smile fading.

"What the hell happened Emma?" Emma sighed as she shrugged off

her backpack, letting it hit the ground as she sat on Rylee's bed. She examined the very pink room and smiled. It looked exactly the way it did in Texas.

Rylee plopped down on one side of her as Beverly did the same on the other side.

"I guess it's time I tell you about what happened to my brother." Emma took a deep breath in as the other two girls exchanged glances. "Ry, you knew how my dad could be. You know how he was with my mom," Rylee nodded. "You know Kurt. Always had to be my moms hero," Emma smiled sadly at the ground. The tears didn't escape anymore. Instead, talking about her older brother made her feel empty. "Well me and Kurt had our usual jam session. Then we heard Dad. Yelling at Mom as always. Kurt went to go check and I felt like something was off." Rylee put a hand on the girls shoulder. The hand meant that she didn't have to continue but Emma shook her head. She never exactly told anyone about what happened word for word. "I walked out of Kurt's room, down the hallway to the kitchen and my dad was hitting him...over and over again. He wouldn't get off, he just kept going." Emma mumbled. "Then he put his hands around my brothers throat," Emma made the motion with her hands, before dropping them. "And Kurt just stopped moving. He tried to tell me to run before he died but I just sat there crying. My dad he started coming towards me and he wanted to," Emma paused as Beverly put her hand over her mouth. "He tried to. But," she paused again as if lost in thought. "Sh-she grabbed the knife from the counter and stabbed him." She looked at the two girls who had tears running down their faces. Both of them questioning how anyone, especially their own friend, could go through that. Witnessing the closest person to them die, by the hands of their own father, then almost being violated by their father and having their mother kill him as he tried. Emma's face was dry but the sadness and pain was written all over her face. She sighed. "Don't cry you guys. It's just ever since Kurt died, my moms been drinking. She's even dating this asshole who hits her too. Whenever she comes home, if she comes home, we always end up arguing and she ends up hitting me or kicks me or pulls my hair. She'll even dig her nails in to my arms until she draws blood." Emma shook her head. "Part of me thinks that my mom died that night too." Rylee leaned her head on the brunettes shoulder as she held her hand, giving it a slight squeeze.

"My dad takes my moms death out on me too. He's..done things and

the reason I cut my hair was because I was tired of him always touching it. I know if it's short, he won't like it as much...maybe with it short he'll leave me alone more." Beverly admitted. Emma shot a sympathetic look and pulled her into a side embrace. The three girls sat there for a while in silence before Rylee suddenly stood up.

"Emma, I know you brought some vinyls. Can we listen to something?" Rylee asked as she grabbed Emma's back pack. Emma nodded as Riley rummaged through the bag. She pulled out a vinyl and shrugged. "Emma always brings good music to the table." Rylee grinned as she flashed the vinyl to Beverly.

"Which one is that?" Emma asked as the blonde quickly turned her back, hugging the vinyl to her chest.

"It's a secret!" The blonde replied as she put the vinyl on the record player. As the instrumentals started Emma smiled as Rylee began dancing while 'Who Can It Be Now' by Men At Work played. She grabbed Beverly and the two danced causing Emma to laugh, she loved that the two were getting along. Rylee looked at Emma, still dancing. "Come on Em!" Emma shook her head as she chuckled. Rylee looked at Beverly who nodded as the two grabbed Emma, forcing her off the bed.

"I don't dance! You know that!" Emma laughed as she stood there while the girls danced around her. Beverly grabbed Emma's hands and forced her to move around the room. Emma laughed as she let loose and began dancing with her two friends. When they grew too tired they plopped down on the bed.

"So my dad got Nightmare on Elm Street, wanna make some popcorn and watch it?" Rylee asked. Emma shot up and nodded eagerly.

"Isn't that movie rated R?" Beverly asked with wide eyes.

"Yeah! My dad doesn't care though." Beverly clapped her hands together and nodded as well. Rylee got off the bed and left for a moment and came back.

"Dad's making the popcorn and he's going to bring the movie, so while we wait for that how about the elephant in the room?" Rylee asked as she raised an eyebrow. Emma and Beverly exchanged a glance before giving the blonde a questioning look. Rylee smirked at their cluelessness. "Come on Bev, what's going on between you and Bill?" Immediately Beverly turned red.

"I-I don't know what you're talking about!" Emma laughed, causing the freckled girl to hit her with a pillow.

"You're not in the clear Em! What about you and that loud mouth

kid! You're always laughing at his dumb jokes and giving him the googly eyes!" Rylee giggled. Emma narrowed her eyes.

"Am not!"

"Or do you like Eddie? You were always calling him cute at school." Beverly added with a snicker.

"And what about the new kid!?" Emma teased as she threw the pillow back at Beverly. "You sure they got the 'right stuff' to fix you up?" She mocked with an exaggerated wink. Beverly shook her head as she pushed the pillow back.

"It was an inside joke!" She chuckled.

"And you!" Emma pointed at Rylee who's eyes were as big as flying saucers. "I see the way you and Stanley look at each other back and forth!" Emma cried now throwing the pillow at Rylee.

"No way!" She argued, grabbing the pillow, hugging it.

"Yes way!"

"I bet she wishes the pillow was Stan!" Beverly joked, causing Emma to howl with laughter. Rylee blushed and grabbed the pillow and began beating Emma with it, making the brunette laugh with each hit. A blonde haired man knocked at the open door with a warm smile. In his hand was a bowl of popcorn and in the other he used to knock with was the VHS tape of *Nightmare On Elm Street*. Behind him was Mavis with three pepsi cans and some candy. Emma looked over and their eyes met briefly as Rylee took the drinks and candy off her hands. The teenage girl quickly exited the room as Ted had handed the popcorn to Emma. Ted put a hand on her shoulder before walking over to the VHS player, popping in the movie. He patted Rylee on the head with a small wave.

"Night, girls. Glad to see you're having fun! Don't blame me for your nightmares!" Ted called as he closed the door. The girls hurried to the bed as the previews started. Emma sat towards the headboard as Beverly and Rylee sat towards the feet of the bed. Emma handed them the popcorn as Rylee passed around the soda and candy.

By the time the girls had changed in to their pajamas, the movie had started and Emma couldn't help but laugh as Beverly and Rylee covered their eyes whenever Freddie popped up on the screen. An hour later Emma's eyes were glue to the screen. Her friends had gone quiet. She looked over and noticed they had fallen asleep holding each other. Emma smiled at the girls and placed the blanket over them. She was hot anyways, practically suffocating under the blanket. She watched the movie until it ended and rummaged

through her bag to find a book to read. She opened up Carrie and plopped on the bed. She opened the cover and saw a short letter.

I may not act like the brightest but I really like this book. Thanks for being cool and having a whole fucking library in your room, Dweeb.

-Richie'

Emma smiled at the short letter and ran her fingers over the lead. She sighed. She didn't know how he made her feel. She just knew that some days she could put up with him and thought his loud mouth self was hilarious and other days she wanted to tell him to shut up and stop talking so much. It was complicated. But then she thought about the things she oddly liked about him. Like his dumb goofy grin or even the way his eyes looked with his big, thick framed glasses. She liked his laugh. She shook her head, shaking those thoughts.

"I. Don't. Like. Trashmouth." She mumbled. His grinning face flashed in to her mind and her face felt hot. "I don't!" she reasoned. "He's stupid, insensitive, dumb, and not even that funny!" She whispered. Another part of her argued that he was smart, could be sensitive like he was when Bill corrected him about Betty Ripsom and absolutely hilarious. She internally groaned as she flipped to the next page.

'By the way Dweeb, thanks for being my friend. I know I'm not the easiest to deal with. Also I'm sorry for writing in your book. You're pretty cool. Did I say that already? Fuck. Oh well. Enjoy reading this book for probably the millionth time because you're smart as hell and I've seen you read it in English a couple of times.

-Rich'

Emma sighed trying to prevent her lip twitch from curling in to a smile. Interrupting her thoughts was a soft knock at the door. Emma tossed the book to the side and quietly crept off the bed, making sure not to awake her two friends. She cracked the door open, not able to see who it was.

"Yes?" She asked. She waited for a moment.

"Em, it's me." A soft voice spoke. Emma recognized the soft voice, belonging to Mavis. Emma opened the door as the blonde teen fiddled with her fingers as she shifted on her feet. Emma eyed the teenager.

"Rylee's asleep already." She stated as she looked back to the bed. Mavis bit her lip and shook her head.

"I wanted to talk to you actually." Emma looked up and noticed the girls eyes were red and puffy. Emma stepped aside and Mavis entered the room and sat on Rylee's bed where Emma was previously sitting. "I, uh..." She started. Emma watched the nervous teen push her hair back. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I heard everything earlier." She finally stated. Emma nodded slowly. "Thin walls." Mavis added as her finger did a circular motion. Emma nodded again for the girl to continue. Mavis looked at the ceiling and a couple of tears rolled down her cheeks before looking at Emma. Emma also noticed the girls nose was slightly red. "I'm so sorry about what you had to go through. What you're still going through." She squeaked. Emma's eyebrows knitted together. "I know you miss him and what you're mom is doing isn't fair. It's not fair." she let out a snuffle. "I miss him too Em, ever since I heard that he was...gone...I felt lost myself. I can't believe that I'll never be able to see his goofy smile or hear his laugh again. I'll never be able to hold him or kiss him like I wanted when he'd come back to Texas. Or even seeing him here with you." Emma's eyes stung but she let the girl continue. "I rather have come here to Derry to see him with someone else than have heard that he's gone." A sob escaped Mavis's mouth. She paused and looked over at Beverly and Rylee sleeping peacefully.

"My mom, she hid your letters from me. If I knew Mavy, I would have told you." Emma whispered. Mavis nodded as she covered her mouth with her hand. Emma hugged the older girl as the older girl hugged back. She sobbed into the smaller girls shoulder. Emma stroked the older girls hair as she shook with quiet sobs. "Mavis, my brother loved you so much. He wrote this song and every time he'd play it, he always looked so sad because he missed you." Mavis sat up, wiping her face with her sleeve. Emma stepped away and searched her back pack for her journal. She examined the journal and flipped to the page with a sticky note sticking out. She ripped a page and gave it to Mavis. Mavis looked at the page and back at Emma. "You don't have to read it now but I know my brother better than anyone else. He never wanted to hurt you and if he were here now, he would want you to be happy. He would want you to live your best life." Emma placed a hand on Mavis's shoulder and the blonde looked up, nodding with a thankful smile and sad eyes. Mavis stood up and grabbed Emma's chin, examining her lip. Mavis frowned.

"You've got some dry blood there, let me help clean you up."

"You don't have-" Emma was interrupted by Mavis dragging her out of the room and in to the restroom.

"Sit." She instructed as she opened the medicine cabinet. Emma listened and sighed. Mavis pulled out a few cotton swabs and the alcohol. She poured the alcohol on the cotton swab and gently tilted Emma's chin upward as she dabbed the wound on Emma's lip. Emma hissed at the touch but remained still. Mavis smiled.

"So who's Richie?" she asked. Emma rolled her eyes as Mavis then began to pat the wound dry with the other end of the cotton swab.

"He's just a friend." Emma said firmly. Mavis's smile widened.

"Sounds like you like him more than that." This caused Emma to roll her eyes again. "There." Emma hopped off the toilet seat and looked in the mirror. Her lip was busted yet again but probably looked better than earlier. She never got the chance to look at her lip. She sighed and turned to face the teenager.

"Thank you, Mavis." The older girl nodded and patted her on the head.

"Night little Emma." She whispered as she left the smaller girl in the restroom. Emma turned off the light and quickly sprinted to Rylee's room, terrified of the dark or what may have lingered in it. Emma was thankful Rylee remembered to leave the lamp on due to her fear of the dark. She sighed as she slowly crawled back in to bed. Her lids felt heavy as she held the Carrie book to her chest and she drifted off in to a deep sleep.

"You lieeeddd." a voice whispered. Emma searched the room and saw nothing. "Emmmaaaa" the voice sang. It sent chills up her spine as she continued to frantically search. The voice sounded familiar. From the shadows, a clown with white face paint with red markings appeared. His orange hair, a mess yet tamed. He grinned playfully, almost child like. "You lieeeddd little Emma!" he giggled. Drool dripped from his red lips. "How could you lie to your friends, Emma?" he asked with the same grin plastered on his face. Emma backed away as she shook her head.

"N-no, I didn't." her lip quivered. The clown's smile dropped.

"You left things out Ems, that makes you a liar." he growled in a deeper voice. The lights flashed off and on, the clown appeared closer than before. Emma's back pressed up against the wall as her anxiety kicked in. Again the lights flashed off then on, revealing the clown inching closer. When the light shut off Emma shut her eyes as well considering he was

now close. She peeked and the clown slammed his hands above her head "LIAR, LIAR, PANTS ON FIRE, LIAR, LIAR, PANTS ON FIRE, LIAR, LIAR PANTS ON FIRE!" He screamed over and over again as he shook his head violently. The lights shut off again and Emma dropped to the ground, sobbing as her hands shook in front of her face.

"Tell them what really happened, Ems." Emma's eyes shot open seeing Augustine Morales bloody with a smirk on his face. "Tell them what really happened to Daddy." Emma pulled at her hair as the clown appeared next to him, also grinning.

"This is just a dream. It's just a dream." She repeated over and over.

"Just a dream Emma?" The clown questioned. "I'll show you a dream. A dream you'll never wake up from!" He growled. He ripped Augustine's arm off as he continued to stare at Emma. Augustine screamed in pain and held where his arm used to be. The clown inched closer as he playfully waved the arm as Emma stared in horror.

"Emma." The clown opened up his mouth wider than humanly possible, exposing his many rows of teeth as he chomped on the arm.

"Emma." He swallowed the arm whole and inched closer, smiling with his razor sharp teeth. Blood splattered all over his face with that murderous grin. Emma screamed but nothing came out

"EMMA!" Emma shot up in the bed, beads of sweat rolling down her forehead, panting. In front of her was her two friends, Mavis and Ted. Emma shook as her eyes darted to each person. Beverly put a hand on her shoulder.

"You were screaming." she whispered. "Are you okay?" Emma panted but nodded.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just a bad dream. Probably from the movie." She looked up at Ted who seemed like he mentally kicked himself. Everyone nodded. Ted and Mavis left the room as Beverly and Rylee got ready for the quarry. Emma stared at her lap. It wasn't a nightmare from the movie. It felt so real. Was she sure it was even a nightmare at all?

A/N: I haven't updated in a few days because I had a slight block but I have the next couple chapters planned out so hopefully I get those out soon. Anyways, I'm not a big fan of this chapter but next is the quarry! I hope you guys are still sticking around! R&R pls3

10. 10) The Quarry

A/N: Sorry it's been a few days since I've updated! I have the next couple of chapters outlined but I'm not sure when they'll be released since I started working my full shifts at work again:(I usually sleep during the day and work nights but I'll try my best to update ASAP! I felt like Overnight Sensation by Borns really helped me write this chapter since I envisioned that song during the quarry scene between Richie and Emma, so give that song a listen while you read that part! I think it fit pretty well! I swear I'll update within the next couple of days just bear with me! Thanks for sticking around! Enjoy!

"Hurry up, Em! Me and Bev are going to eat without you!" Rylee called from down the hall. Emma examined herself in the mirror. She wore the white sleeveless shirt with roses she had packed and the black pair of shorts.

She sighed as she laced up her black converse and walked down the hall, in to the kitchen. Beverly grinned as Emma entered the room. Ted placing a plate in front of each of the girls as Emma took a seat at the table. She stared at the plate of eggs, toast and bacon and pushed her food around. Flashbacks of the clown from her dreams flashed in her mind. She shivered at the thought of his razor sharp teeth. Beverly and Rylee chatted as they ate, finishing their food. They stood up and looked over at their friend. The only thing she had eaten was the toast and her bacon as she pushed the eggs around.

"You ready, Em?" Beverly asked. Worry written all over her face. Emma looked up and nodded as she pushed her chair back, getting up.

"Thanks, Mr. Walker. It was good. I guess I just wasn't that hungry." Emma mumbled. Ted grabbed the plates as the girls began walking off.

"Emarosa?" He called. She looked back at him, then at Rylee who simply shrugged. Emma nodded for the girls to go ahead and wait for her outside. Emma walked back over to the man as he began washing dishes.

"Yes, sir?" She asked as she rubbed her arm, nervously, feeling like she had done something wrong. The man simply smiled.

"Mavis told me everything. About your brother, about your father, about Deidra." He sighed as he stopped for a moment. Emma remained silent. "Deidra was such a timid and sweet woman at one point. I understand losing your son and husband can change a person but," he set the dishes on the dish rack as he shook his head. "But that's no excuse to hurt the only person you have left, your only child." Emma shifted uncomfortably as she looked at the ground. "I noticed your lip, Em. You know I always saw you as one of my own. You're more than welcome to stay as long as you need. Even if it's for a couple days. You can always come here, if you need to. We're all here for you, Emarosa." Emma felt her eyes water as she continued to stare at the floor. She felt a hand on her shoulder. She looked up at him to be greeted by the same warm smile she became familiar with years ago. She embraced the man, burying her face in to his shirt. He returned the hug, rubbing the small girls back in a comforting manner.

"Thank you Mr. Walker." Emma squeaked.

"You're welcome, sweetheart. Go on, the girls are waiting for you." Emma let go of the man and nodded as she ran out the front door. Emma looked over and noticed Mavis talking to an older teenage boy. He had dark hair and looked no older than boy looked over and waved at Emma who hesitantly waved back.

He grinned as Mavis turned around who smiled at the smaller girl before turning back to the grinning teen. Emma smiled and made her way to her bike where Rylee and Beverly waited. Emma hopped on her bike and the girls took off to the quarry.

"Dude, Donnie is so hot." Rylee groaned. Emma raised an eyebrow.

"Who's Donnie?" Emma questioned.

"That guy that Mavis was talking to. He's their other neighbor. According to Rylee he just moved in too." Beverly explained. "But I agree, he's super hot." Emma rolled her eyes as the girls continued to talk about the teenage boy known as Donnie.

The girls arrived to the quarry, placing their bikes on the ground, prepared to sneak up behind the boys while they argued about who was going to jump first. Emma kicked off her shoes as she laughed, drawing the attention of the boys in their white underwear. She slid off her shorts and removed her shirt revealing her black bra and pink underwear. Beverly began unbuttoning her dress and Rylee her plain

shirt and pants. Emma grinned at the boys as she began running towards them

"Pussies!" She cried as she ran past them, jumping off the cliff, diving in to the water below her.

"Sissies!" Beverly called.

"Later Losers!" Rylee's voice followed

"What the fuck!?" Richie screamed as Beverly and Rylee followed after Emma, jumping off the cliff and in to the water. "Aw, holy shit! We just got showed up by not one, not two but three fucking girls!" He exclaimed as he motioned his hands towards the girls who splashed around in the water below them. Emma waved at Richie who had a smile tugging at his lips.

"Do we have to do that now?" Stan asked a little hesitantly as he glanced over at the awe-struck Richie.

"Yes!" Eddie started. "You know Emma would never let us live it down if we didn't go now!" The boys looked over at each other.

"Come on, Dorks!" Rylee called as Beverly waves. Ben smiles and waves back as Bill smirks. He was the first of the boys to jump. Following him was Ben, Richie, Eddie and Stan. Emma swam over to Richie and took off his glasses, placing them on a nearby rock.

"So you don't lose them in the water." She stated with a small smile. The boy grinned a toothy grin. The two were extremely close to the other. Emma's eyes searched Richie's brown orbs. She felt her heart pound against her chest, even skipping a beat, she wondered and worried if he could hear it. His big toothy grin slowly replaced with a small smile as he, himself, felt his cheeks heat up.

"You look good without your glasses Richie!" Beverly called from behind Emma, causing her to whip around. Emma blinked a couple of times as Beverly winked. She looked back at Richie and grinned back at him, splashing him and attempting to swim away.

"Oh, you done it now, Em!" He called as he swam after her. Emma laughed as she grabbed hold of Eddie, wrapping her arms around his shoulder, hugging him from behind. Richie's smile dropped as he squinted. "Fuck, I can't see without my glasses but that better not be Eddie your holding on to!" Richie hissed. Emma laughed as she tightened her grip around Eddie. His cheeks, slightly pink. He flicked off Richie with both hands, laughing.

"And what if she is, Fuck Face!" Emma laughed as Richie splashed Eddie in the face who gagged as water entered his mouth. Emma splashed the water in to Richie's face.

"Leave my Eddie Bear alone, Rich!" She joked as he continued to splash the two.

"Hey! Let's play chicken!" Rylee cried. The group exclaimed happily as Rylee got on Stan's shoulders and Beverly got on Bill's. Richie and Ben cheered for Beverly and Bill as Emma and Eddie cheered for Rylee and Stan. Rylee and Beverly grabbed each others hand, playfully smirking at each other as they tried to push one another off. Beverly got the upper hand when Rylee had looked down and managed to push her over in to the water. The non-participating party laughed and shielded their faces from the splash.

"I wanna go next!" Emma cried as she looked over at the boys. "Who's gonna lift me?" She grinned Eddie raised his hand but Richie pushed him by his face.

"No way, Eds! You'll drop her before she even gets pushed off!" Emma laughed.

"I am a little taller than you, Eds." Eddie pouted as he crossed his arms. Emma got on Richie's shoulder. Emma grabbed Beverly's hands and the two struggled to push the other in the water. Richie and Bill laughing as well. Rylee had an arm around Stan's shoulder and looked back to see Ben and Eddie. Ben stared sadly at Bill and Beverly and Eddie was almost huffing and puffing at the sight of Emma on Richie's shoulder. Rylee took her arm off of Stan's shoulder and swam behind Eddie.

"Psst, Eds." Rylee called, making Eddie jump. He turned around with a questioning look. "It's okay to be jealous Eds, but you're making it really noticeable. If you don't want to tell Emma how you feel, then she's going to find out with how you've been acting." Eddie's eyes bulged.

"I-I don't-" He stumbled as Rylee put a hand on his shoulder.

"It's okay, Eds. She's clueless as hell but she won't be completely clueless for long." Eddie immediately shut his mouth as he hung his head. He looked back up as Emma finally knocked Beverly over. Emma raised her hands over her head in victory as she laughed.

"Whoo! I'm am victorious! Who's next!? Eds?" Emma called as she looked back at the small boy. With a small smile he shook his head. He watched as her eyes sparkled at all the fun she was having. "Aw man! Come on Rich, put me down, so I can go hug my Eddie Bear. He looks like he needs a hug." Richie looked up at the brunette and grinned as he threw himself backwards, along with Emma. She screamed as she hit the water. "God damn it, Richie! Not like that!"

She complained as she splashed at him one more time. He grinned playfully as he swam over to Eddie. The group splashed around for a while, Beverly and Bill slightly further away from the group. Ben looked over and frowned.

"Ah, Fuck! What was that!" Richie screamed as he looked down towards the water. Emma paddled her way over to look to see what she was talking about.

"Something touched my foot right here!" Stan cried. A smooth surface, brushed under Emma's foot. Emma squealed.

"What the fuck was that!?" Everyone dunked their heads to look under the water.

"Did you see it?" Rylee questioned.

"Where are we looking?" Eddie asked. Richie felt the smooth surface brush against his foot again.

"Right here, right here!" Emma went back under and looked over towards Richie's foot. A turtle was walking away from his foot. Emma came back up and grinned.

"It's a turtle!"

Bust a Move by YOUNG MC begins to play on the boom box Beverly brought as the three girls dried in the sun. The three girls lied on their backs with their shades over their eyes. Two pairs of eyes stared at Beverly, two other pairs examined Emma and one examined Rylee. Emma glanced over at the boys in the corner of her eyes and noticed the group of boys staring. She pulled off her glasses and looked over at them as she flipped over on her stomach. The boys quickly tried to play off the fact that they were staring.

"Whatever Perverts." Emma mumbled. Richie cleared his throat as he goes through Ben's backpack.

"Newsflash Ben, schools out for summer" He said in one of his news reporter imitations as he held his fist in the form of an imaginary microphone. Emma smirked as she loved all of his awful impersonations.

"Oh, that? That's not school stuff." Ben explained as Richie pulls out the postcard. Richie grins as he tries to read the words on the postcard.

"Who sent you this?" he asked in a nosy manner.

"No one. Give it." Ben grumbles as he snatches the postcard out of the grinning Richie's hand.

"Rich, leave Ben alone." Emma groaned as she got up, squeezing between Richie and Ben. Richie gulped as he took a quick glance at her exposed body. Mentally he shook his head as he pulls out a green folder. Emma looks over and reads the printed newspaper headliner 'Easter Explosion Kills 88 Children, 102 Total.'

"What's with the history project?" Richie asked as he examined the folder.

"Oh..When I first moved here, I didn't have anyone to hang out with," Ben stated as Richie passes the folder to Bill. "So I started spending time in the library." Emma noticed Ben was extremely smart and she smiled at the fact that he mentioned going to the library without being ashamed of it.

"You went to the library? On purpose?" Emma scowled at the Trashmouth and pinched him. "Ow!"

"Beep, beep, Doofus."

"Oh, I wanna see!" Beverly exclaimed as she got up to sit next to Bill. Rylee got up as well, placing herself between Eddie and Stan.

"What's The Black Spot?" Rylee asked as she sneaked a peak of the folder.

"The Black Spot was a nightclub that was burned down years ago by that racist cult." Eddie exclaimed.

"The what?" Stan asked.

"Don't you watch Geraldo?"

Bill looks at Beverly, noticing her hair. Emma looks over and smiles at the two who seemed caught in a trance.

"Y-Y-Your ha-hair," Bill stuttered as he stared at Beverly. Her eyes searched his for a moment, patiently waiting for him to finish.

"Your..Your hair is beautiful Beverly." Ben finished as Bill looks over at Ben, slightly upset. Emma looked away, feeling the awkwardness. The tension cut through like a knife as this took Beverly by surprise.

"Oh," She began playing with her now short hair. "Right, thanks." She smiled wholeheartedly. Richie reached over for the folder.

"Here, pass it." Bill hands it over as Richie flips through it again.

"Why is it all murders and missing kids?" Emma mumbled more to herself than anyone else. Richie shrugs as he passes the folder over to Stan and Rylee. Eddie took a glance at the folder, looking extremely uncomfortable. Emma noticed and cocked her head to the side.

'You okay?' she mouthed as he quickly nodded. She smiled and looked over to Ben who began speaking.

"Derry's not like any town I've ever been in before. They did a study

once and it turns out people die or disappear six times the national average"

"You read that?" Rylee asked as she flipped through the folder. Ben nodded

"And that's just grown-ups. Kids are worse. Way Way Worse." His face lit up. "I've got more stuff if you wanna see it!" Emma eagerly nodded as Eddie shakes his head 'No' as quickly as possible.

"No, no." he squeaked.

The group of eight bikes to Ben's house, everyone listening to Richie's impressions. Approaching his house, Ben jets inside as Beverly, Bill, Rylee and Stan follow. Emma throws her bike on the ground and looks back to witness Eddie falling as he was putting his bike down.

"Really, Eds?" Emma laughed as she helped him up. Eddie dusted himself off and groaned.

"Man, I've heard some stuff about Ben." Richie started, causing Eddie's eyes to bulge.

"Don't freak out just tell us." Eddie mumbled.

"Yeah. I hear he has a roller coaster and a pet chimp and an old guys fucking bones." Richie wore a grin as Eddie rolled his eyes. The group entered the room. All over the wall, there were newspaper articles. "Woah." Richie adjusts glasses by pushing them up the bridge of his nose. "Wow!" Emma looked around, intrigued.

"Cool huh?" Ben asked, enthusiastically. Emma could tell he was proud of his research. She smiled at him as his eyes seemed to sparkle.

"No. No, nothing cool. There's nothing cool." Richie started as he bumped Emma. She shot him an annoyed look and shook her head. She, herself, thought it was cool. She looks over at Bill as he picks up a slide and examines it in the sunlight as it shined through the window.

"This is cool, right here. Wait, no. No, it's not cool. " Emma shoved Richie who laughed, shoving her back.

"What's that?" Stan questions as he points at a paper labeled '91 vanished' Emma walked over to him and examined the paper as well.

"Oh that? That's the charter for Derry Township." Ben answered.

"Nerd alert!" Richie teased.

"No, actually it's really interesting. Derry started as a Beaver trapping camp," Ben started. Emma leaned in, interested as Rylee joined her

side.

"Still is, am I right boys?" Richie raises his hand for a high five and Stan shakes his head.

"Tozier, shut up!" Emma hissed as he held up his hands in defense. He turned away with a sigh.

"Guess I'll just go fuck myself." He mumbled. Normally Emma would laugh but she wanted to hear what Ben would say.

"Ninety-one people signed the charter that made Derry. But later that winter they all disappeared without a trace."

"The entire camp?" Rylee asked in disbelief. Ben nodded.

"There were rumors of Indians, but no sign of an attack. Everybody just thought it was a plague or something. But it's like one day everybody just woke up and left. The only clue was a trail of bloody clothes leading to the well house." Emma pondered for a moment as Richie came back.

"Jesus. We can get Derry on Unsolved Mysteries." he stated. Emma looked up with a grin.

"Let's do that, you're brilliant!" she shouted as she shook his shoulders "I might be." he agreed, Ben walked closer towards the door as Emma and Rylee surrounded the article.

"Why does he have all this stuff? Why would he show us this?" Stan asked, slightly uncomfortable. Rylee placed a hand on his shoulder.

"I don't know, maybe he's just trying to make some friends, Stanley!" Richie hissed, making Stan look down, feeling bad.

"Where was the well house?" Bill finally asked. He seemed lost in thought. Ben shrugged

"I don't know somewhere in town I guess, why?" Ben asked as Eddie sniffs cologne behind Ben. Emma raised an eyebrow as Eddie put it to her nose. She nodded in approval as Bill looked over at the missing persons posters.

"Nothing."

The group exited Ben's house as he stood on his porch.

"Hey Eds, I'm going back to get my backpack at Rylee's then home to get some more stuff. I figured I'd crash at Rylee's for a couple days. Wanna go with me?" Emma asked as they all got on their bikes. Eddie thought for a moment. Maybe this was his chance. He smiled and nodded.

"I'm coming too! That way when Eds goes home, I can take you back

to Ry's!" Richie butted in. Eddie's smile fell. Of course Richie would. Emma smiled at Richie and nodded. And of course she agreed.

"Hey Bill, think you could come to Rylee's and ride home with me?" Beverly asked shyly, causing Ben to frown. Bill gulped and nodded. Everyone waved at Ben who glumly waved back as the now group of seven rode back to Rylee's house. The four boys stayed outside as Emma and Beverly grabbed their bags. Emma waved at Rylee stating she'd be back and hugged Beverly as Beverly and Bill rode in the opposite direction.

Upon arriving at Emma's house, the two boys threw down their bikes as she motioned them to follow her inside, as usual, her mother was gone. She led them upstairs, noticing Eddie looking around.

"What, Eds, never been to a girls house before?" Richie joked as he bumped in to Eddie. Eddie scowled, making Emma laugh. Even though it annoyed her sometimes, she loved when they would bicker. Entering her room, the boys sat on her bed as she began to pack a few pairs of clothes, among other things like books. The boys bickered about nonsense as Emma stared at them in the corner of her eye as she put in the last book. She truly loved the pair. Eddie's sassiness and the way he always spoke fast. Richie's stupid jokes and his no-filter mouth. She smiled to herself. She loved the way Eddie's innocent eyes would bulge out of his eye sockets whenever he felt challenged and the way Richie would grin, knowing he was getting under Eddie's skin. She enjoyed the moments like these. She closed her eyes and sighed happily as she swung her backpack over her shoulders. Opening her eyes, she turned to face the boys.

"All done!" The boys looked over at her, both smiling at the brunette. The three rushed down the stairs, out the door. They picked up their bikes and walked over to Eddie's house. "We'll see ya around Eddie Bear." Emma called as her and Richie mounted their bikes. Eddie nodded with a small wave as the pair took off. He watched as they biked down the road, laughing. Apart of him wondered if he had just admitted to Richie that he had feelings for Emma, if Richie would just let him have his moment. Then he saw the way Richie looked at Emma when she wasn't looking. Almost as if he was in a trance. Eddie shook his head. Richie liked Emma just as much as Eddie did and he knew it. He sighed as he smiled fondly at the two. Eddie would tell her some day. But today was not that day.

"Yeah and thanks for ruining my book, Tozier." Emma laughed as they arrived to Rylee's. She looked around and noticed Rylee and Stan gone, probably already inside their own houses.

"Ruin?" Richie questioned as he held a hand to his chest in a fake offended kind of way. "I am hurt Miss Morales." he rolled his 'R' as he said her last name, causing her to chuckle. "Hey, Em?" Richie questioned as he rubbed the back of his neck. She hummed, never seeing Richie this nervous before. "I know we're all going to the arcade tomorrow but I have some extra cash from mowing the lawn last week," he started. He had been doing chores all week to earn money for the particular question he was about to ask. "Would you maybe want to go to the diner before the arcade. Like the two of us?" He quickly asked. Emma blinked a couple of times.

'Just the two of us?' she questioned herself. She smiled and nodded.

"Really!?" He asked excitedly. She laughed and nodded again as she looked behind him towards Rylee's window. In the window, the blonde haired girl was holding up a brown cardboard sign that read 'KISS!' as she waved it around, pointing eagerly at it. Emma's eyes widened. Richie slowly began to look over his shoulder. She had to distract him. She had to think fast! "What's the-" Richie was interrupted by the sound of Emma dropping her bike, her arms around his shoulders as she embraced him. He stood there for a moment, completely dumbfounded. Emma mentally kicked herself, thinking Richie would say something stupid or teasing her about how she couldn't keep her hands off him. Rylee put the sign down, putting a hand to her chest, mouthing 'Awww.' Emma motioned for the girl to move with her hand as she began to pull away from the embrace. Emma's eyes widened, surprised as Richie brought her closer, squeezing a little tighter. The two stood there for a moment, soaking up the sudden closeness. There was a comfortable silence and Emma was the first to pull away. The two still extremely close. "I'll see you tomorrow, Dweeb." He mumbled with a small smile. He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose as he always did. She pushed a few strands of her hair behind her ear as she shyly smiled. With a wave he began to bike down the road. She watched silently as he left, her heart thumping against her chest.

"See you tomorrow." She whispered as she watched him leave.

11. 11) Change of Plans

A/N: I just want to say thank you to LadyRedStar for your review! You were the first person to review this story, and you have no idea how happy it made me. This chapter was a little short but you encouraged me to get it out quickly! It's not the best chapter but this is for you! Thanks for sticking around.

"So what about this one?" Emma asked as she examined herself in the mirror. Rylee sighed.

"Em, this is the third outfit you tried on. How are you going to say you don't like Rich yet you're trying to impress him. That kid could care less what you wear and he'd still have his big ol' googly eyes boggling you." Emma frowned.

"I don't like him." This caused Rylee to roll her eyes as she threw herself back on to her bed. Emma bit her bottom lip as she examined the outfit. She wore a white pink sleeveless shirt and blue jean skirt. She shook her head and changed again in to something more comfortable. A pink short sleeved shirt and some washed out jean shorts. She shrugged and turned to Rylee.

"Now, that's more you." Rylee smiled. Ted walks to the doorway of the room and smiles.

"Hey girls, I don't mean to interrupt but Beverly is on the phone for you, Ry." Rylee nodded as she glanced over at Emma. Emma nodded as she continued to brush her hair and put on her shoes. After she finished getting ready, she took one last look and smiled. She didn't need to impress Richie, or anyone for that matter. He knew Emma as she was, there was no reason to change herself. Satisfied with her outfit, she plopped down on the bed, holding her 'Carrie' book, admiring the scribbles written on the inner front cover.

"Emma!" Rylee called at the doorway. Emma looked over and noticed the girls scared expression, causing her smile to fall.

"I know you and Richie had your date and we were all supposed to go to the arcade but, we have a change of plans. You need to call the boys, Beverly said we need to go have a meeting at her house, like now! Something about a bloody bathroom!" Emma's eyes widened and nodded as she rushed past Rylee, heading towards the phone. Emma dialed Richie and waited for a moment as it rang a couple of

times.

"Tozier residence?" A woman's voice answered.

"Oh, um, hi Mrs. Tozier, is Richie home? My name is Emma-"

"Oh! Emma! You're the girl Richie is always talking about!" Emma blushed.

"Mom! Give me that!" She heard the Trashmouth argue. E-Emma, hey! I was just about to head out to the diner and-"

"Richie," Emma shut her eyes tightly as she interrupted. She sighed as she looked over to Rylee who was frowning. Rylee nodded as she exited the house to go tell Stan the plan. "We have to cancel plans, the diner, the arcade, everything." She started.

"What!? Why?" He asked. She could hear the disappointment surfacing.

"We uh. we have to meet at Beverly's. She's calling a meeting. I need you to call Bill, Rylee's going to tell Stan right now, and I'll call Eds." There was a pregnant pause. Emma hung her head. "Rich, I wouldn't have cancelled if this wasn't important. You know that right?" She questioned as her eyebrows knitted together.

"Yeah," He answered dryly. Emma almost winced at the tone of his voice. "I gotta go, you know to call Bill. Tell Eddie I'll pick him up." He mumbled and the line clicked. Emma sighed as she put the phone back on the receiver. She quickly dialed Eddie's number and sighed.

"Hello?" Eddie's voice squeaked. Emma smiled to herself.

"Hey Eds, it's Emma. You know how we were supposed to go to the arcade?" There was a brief moment of silence. "Eds, if you're nodding I can't see you. Anyways, change of plans, we're having a meeting at Beverly's okay? So get ready and-"

"Wait why?" Eddie interrupted. Emma sighed.

"Just know it's important. Richie is going to pick you up. I gotta get going. Me and Ry are on the way now." Emma said quickly

"Okay, I'll be ready then." Eddie added before she hung up. Emma looked over at Rylee who had just walked back in to the house.

"Ready?" She asked as Emma nodded. Emma thought back to Richie and the disappointment in his voice echoed, causing the corner of her mouths to anchor down. The girls grabbed their bikes and took off as quick as possible to Beverly's. Rylee bit her lip as they arrived.

"Her dads no here, Ry. Don't be nervous." Emma whispered. Rylee nodded as Beverly ran down the steps.

"Come on, my dads not home." She said as she grabbed both of the girls hands, leading them to her apartment. Beverly led the girls to

the closed bathroom door as she nervously looked back. Emma felt her throat tighten as she opened the door. The walls, floors and ceilings were splattered with a bright red. The room was drenched in the red liquid. Emma and Rylee's eyes widened.

"What. The. Fuck." Rylee mumbled as Emma took a step forward. Emma yelped as she nearly slipped, being caught by her two friends.

"My dad couldn't see it. I thought I was going crazy but you see it, don't you?" Beverly asked as she examined the room again as if it were the first time. Rylee nodded slowly as she touched the wall. Red stuck to her fingers. Emma's eyes darted around and the walls felt as though they were closing in. She shut her eyes tightly as her head began to pound. Flashes of her father and brothers motionless bodies flashed in her head.

"I SAID STOP!" Emma screamed. Her fathers screams echoed. After the screams died down Emma dropped the object in her hand. It clinked on the ground and was covered in red. Her hands shook.

Emma shook her head as she opened her eyes.

"I-I need a smoke." She mumbled as she ran out of the bathroom, darting outside of the apartment. She searched her back pocket for the lighter and cigarettes. Her hands trembled as she pulled out the cigarette. She placed it between her teeth and sighed as her two friends joined her.

"Em, are you okay?" Rylee asked as she placed a hand on Emma's shoulder. Emma handed her and Beverly a smoke. The girls shared a cigarette as Emma nodded. There was a moment of silence as the girls tried to digest everything they just saw. Emma, also trying to push out the flashbacks popping into her head.

"I just-I don't know. Something from that night when my dad killed my brother-it just..." Emma stumbled across her thoughts. The two girls stared at the short brunette, worried, as she took a long drag from the cigarette. The three sat on the stairs as they waited for the rest of their friends.

"No, we gotta go through the alleyway."

"The alley takes way too long."

"No, the alley is so much faster."

"The alley is more dangerous and it's disgusting." The girls quickly

stood up at the sound of Stan and Eddie bickering.

"How is it more dangerous?" Stan asked.

"It smells like piss and it's gross. Just take the side streets for once." Emma smiled at Eddie's answer as they ran down the stairs. The arguing continued.

"Oh, my God. The side streets are the same. They smell like piss and shit." The girls passed by a small girl as they continued down the stairs.

"Okay, okay. Can you just tell me what she said exactly? Emma didn't exactly explain anything." Eddie questioned.

"Rylee just said that you guys need to hurry over."

"She didn't say anything. Okay. Okay." The boys arrived as Eddie threw his bike down the girls ran over to them. They all exchanged a glance before looking at the girls. Emma's eyes met Richie', she offered a sad smile and slight wave, as he just looked down. She frowned. He was mad at her and she couldn't say anything to make it feel better. Eddie's eyes darted between the two. Seeing Emma look the way she did, hurt him. Knowing his best friend behind him was upset, hurt him. Richie looked back up, avoided her gaze as he looked over to Beverly

"You made it. I..I need to show you something." Beverly said nervously. Eddie's gaze caught Emma's as she offered yet another sad smile.

"What is it?" Eddie asked as he didn't take his eyes off Emma. He watched as she nervously tucked her hair behind her ear. She looked pale. Like the color had been drained from her face.

"More than we saw at the quarry?" Richie joked. Eddie noticed Emma slightly flinch as he angrily glared at Richie.

"Shut up! Just shut up, Richie." Eddie demanded with his hand out. Richie glanced over at Emma then back at Eddie. Eddie knew Richie's dumb jokes or pick up lines directed to other women hurt Emma, why didn't Richie see that. Was he really that clueless? Was he really oblivious to Emma's feelings?

"My dad will kill me if he finds out I had boys in the apartment." Beverly mumbled, clearly concerned that her father could return at any moment.

"Then w-we'll leave a look out. Rr-Richie, s-stay here." Bill planned. Richie lifted his arms in a confused way as the others dropped their bikes and started towards the stairs.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! What if her dad comes back?" He questioned,

concerned about running in to her dad. Stan turned around "Do what you always do. Start talking." Stan insulted, causing Emma and Rylee to snicker. Richie rolled his eyes as they ran up the stairs, Rylee and Emma still behind.

"It is a gift." Richie said softly as he slumped over on his bike.

"We'll stay with you, Rich. Right Emma?" Rylee grinned. Her grin fell when Emma wasn't next to her. She looked towards the stairs and saw Emma blinked, looking back. Rylee raised an eyebrow.

"Oh, uh. Yeah." Emma mumbled as she slowly came back down the stairs. Richie didn't say anything or even look at Emma. There was an awkward silence. Rylee sighed.

"Okay, look. Richie, you can't be mad at Emma." Richie's eyes shot over to Rylee. "Emma, you can't be a pansy because Richie is mad." Emma looked down at her feet.

"I'm not mad." Richie mumbled. He looked over at Emma as she looked up at him. He sighed. "Wait, Emma you told Rylee about the diner?" he questioned, now confused. Emma nodded slowly.

"Sorry I-"

"Hey Emma, Rylee, Rich!" Eddie called as he rushed down with his shirt over his nose. His shirt dropped. The color from his face was drained. "We're uh- We're trying to help Bev clean the bathroom. We could use a helping hand." He looked over at Emma. He hoped she would be the one to offer. As Emma opened her mouth she was cut off.

"Clean the bathroom? What the hell happened in there?" Richie half laughed.

"I'll go," Rylee squeaked as she ran up the stairs. Eddie looked at Emma, slightly disappointed as Emma shifted uncomfortably. Rylee swung her arm over Eddie's shoulder. He pouted as Rylee made him turn around.

"It's okay Eds, they need to talk." Eddie nodded as the two disappeared inside.

There was another awkward silence between Emma and Richie. Richie fiddled with his handlebars as he looked down. Emma sighed heavily, finally having enough.

"You sure you're not mad at me?" She questioned.

"Yeah, I'm sure." He mumbled. Emma walked over to the boy and pushed him.

"Then stop acting like it." She shouted. She sounded mad herself, but her eyes betrayed her.

"What the hell was that for!?" He growled back, standing up.

"I told you I was sorry, Rich! I wanted to spend time with you, okay? I wanted us to hang out but this, this is important too. That bathroom, even though you didn't see it was filled with blood. This is scary and you don't recognize that. Instead, you want to be mad at me for wanting to be there for our friends." Emma explained. Her eyebrows knitted together as Richie stared at the girl. "I'll make it up to you, Rich." She half whispered. A smile tugged on his lips.

"You'll make it up to me?" Emma slowly nodded, a little nervous. Richie grinned at her as he got closer to her. Her eyes frantically searched his as his grin never fell.

"Tomorrow then." He whispered. Emma sighed out of relief, taking a step back. What was she thinking he was going to do or say? She kicked herself mentally for being so silly and nodded.

"Tomorrow." She smiled. The pair watched as the group of losers threw over trash bag after trash bag from the top of the stairs.

The group headed towards the barrens as Richie, annoyingly rode around the group of seven. "No, I love being your personal doorman, really. Could you idiots have taken any longer? Me and Emma were like sitting ducks out here!" Emma rolled her eyes.

"All right, shut up, Richie." Eddie demanded.

"Yeah, shut up, Richie." Stan added, causing Emma and Rylee to snicker.

"Oh, okay, Trashmouth, I get it. Emma, you're supposed to be on my side. But hey, I wasn't the one scrubbing the bathroom floor and imagining that her sink went all Eddie's mom's vagina on Halloween." Emma rolled her eyes at Richie's comment.

"She didn't imagine it. I- I s-saw something too." Bill stuttered as every stopped to look at him.

"You saw blood too?" Rylee asked. Bill looked at her and shakes his head.

"Not blood I saw G-G-Georg-Georgie. It seemed so real." Emma looks over at Eddie who nervously looks down. "I mean, it seemed like him but there was this..."

"The clown" Bill looked at Eddie as the smaller boy looks around uncomfortably. Emma's eyes widened as the flashbacks of the clowns from her dreams popped in to her head.

"Yeah, I saw him too." Eddie looks over at Emma before dropping his

head down. Ben nods as Stan also looks uncomfortable. Rylee and Beverly exchange glances.

"Wait, can only virgins see this stuff? Is that why I'm not seeing this shit?" Richie chimed in. Emma shook her head as her eyes met his.

"I've seen him too. In dreams, but the dreams...they feel so real..."She mumbled. Richie's glance changed from playful to seriously concerned as he stared at the girl. She felt her body run cold as the laughing clown echoed in her mind. She shut her eyes tightly as she gripped the handle bars just as tight, making her knuckles go white. How was it that they were all seeing the same thing. How could it be the same clown from he dreams, that her friends were seeing in person. She wanted the images and laugh to go away. She wanted it all to stop.

Emma just wanted to not be afraid.

12. 12) Rock Fight!

A/N: Oh my gosh. I feel soooooo bad. So bad. I upload this Fic to of course this site and also to Wattpad. (If you want the Wattpad version with more visuals with GIFS, music, and pictures PM me and I'll send the link!) And I uploaded this chapter like a week ago! I am soooo sorry! For all the reviews, I will be doing shout outs at the end of each chapter :D Thank you so much for still sticking by me. The attention this fic has gotten is just wow. It makes me happy. Even if it's only 3 reviews with a few follows/favorites, please know, I appreciate every single one of you. You guys are the absolute best and so wonderful! I reread the Fic and noticed a lot of errors, so I'm going to be going back to edit that way it's not so confusing. But again thank you all so much. You, my readers, mean the absolute world to me and make me so happy. I'm currently working on chapter 13, and it will be out sometime this week. Thanks for your patience. It's truly appreciated. From now on, I want to try and update at least once a week. I'll come up with a specific day after I finish the next chapter. Thank you so much again. You guys truly make my heart melt.

"Oh, shit that's Belch Huggins car! We should probably get out of here." Eddie whispered as the group looked over at the blue Pontiac Firebird.

"Yeah." Richie agreed. Emma squinted and noticed a bike on the ground by the Firebird. Bill noticed it too.

"Wait, isn't that the home schooled kid's bike?" He questioned. The group looked at each other as Emma studied the bike for a moment.

"Yeah that's Mike's!" Eddie squeaked. Emma immediately dropped her bike and ran forward.

"Em, where are you going?!" Rylee cried. Emma quickly whipped around with a serious expression.

"We have to help him!" She replied, waving her hands as if it were the most obvious answer.

"We should?" Richie asked, scared. Emma shook her head disapprovingly as Beverly looked at Richie in disbelief. Emma scoffed and took off in to the trees.

"Yes!" Beverly exclaimed as she dropped her bike as the group,

including Richie does the same. Stan and Rylee being the last ones, using their kickstand. Rylee tripped over the fallen bikes, cursing under her breath as Stan catches her.

"Th-thanks." She mumbled. He smiled as he nodded. Rylee felt her cheeks heat up as she scowled.

"I learned to avoid tripping over them pretty well." He half joked as he grabbed her hand, running towards the rest of the group. Emma was the first to arrive. Her feet skid to a stop as she almost fell in the water. She watched as Henry pinned the African American boy to the ground as he held a rock over his head, ready to bash who she assumed to be Mike, with it.

"Come on, Henry, smack him!" The blonde haired boy known as Vic cried. Emma growled under her breath as she picked up the heaviest rock she could find. Anger boiled through her veins as she witnessed Henry bully another kid based on their skin color. She hated Henry. Why couldn't he just leave her and her friends alone? She gripped the rock until her knuckles turned white and then stared at Henry. The smirks on all of their faces, made her skin crawl. She hurled the rock as hard as possible, hitting Henry directly in the forehead as he grunted. Emma's eyes widened, realizing what she did.

"You little bitch!" Belch growled as he fixed his stupid hat. The group of Losers rushed over to Emma, realizing what she had done. Beverly cast another rock, hitting Henry again.

"Fuck!" He cried as he angrily looked at the losers. His eyes burning in to Emma in particular.

"Nice throws Em, Bev." Stan complimented. Emma smiled as she noticed Rylee's hand in his.

"Thanks." The girls said in unison as everyone begins to arm themselves with the rocks as Mike splashes in the water, getting away from Henry as Henry stood up.

"You losers are trying too hard." He started as he walked closer. Belch smirks as he motions Henry motioned his head towards Beverly.

"She'll do you. You just gotta ask nicely," He grabbed at his junk, thrusting his hips. "Like I did. And that beaner bitch, I'm sure she's just as easy as her mother." He now motioned at Emma. Emma glared at the older boy. "I did her mom too." Emma's glare softened as her eyes went wide. Ben roared angrily, throwing a rock at Henry's head. Henry grunted in pain. "What the fuck?" He questioned as Beverly throws another rock, this time missing as the bullies began to also arm up with rocks. For a moment Emma stood still, pondering

Henry's words. Was he trying to just get under her skin? Richie stood in front of her. He looked back for a second, catching her attention. He turned back around, clenching his eyes shut.

"ROCK WAR!" He cried, getting hit in the face with a rock as the two groups began throwing rocks at each other. Emma knelt down to the dazed Richie with a concerned expression. He adjusted his glasses with a slight laugh as Emma helped him up. The two joined in and continued throwing rocks.

"Get 'em!" Henry called.

"Watch out Rylee!" Stan cried as Rylee was hit in the shoulder. She flinched but continued throwing the rocks. Emma's eyes locked on to Henry's as he threw one, hitting her in the forehead. She barely flinched as she panted heavily, throwing rock after rock, hitting Vic and Belch a couple of times.

"Fuck you, motherfuckers!" Richie screamed as Eddie almost fell in the water.

"Eddie!" Emma called as she reached out for him. Randomly Eddie had a sudden burst of courage and jumped down from the ledge, in to the water to get closer. One of his rocks finally hit Belch.

"Ow!"

"Fuck outta here!" Richie chimed in with a grin. Mike throws a rock, hitting Henry, making him fall.

"Fuck you bitch!" Belch screamed at Rylee. Rylee snarled as she threw a heavy rock, hitting him in the face, busting his nose.

"Come on, guys! Let's get 'em!" Eddie cried as he threw a few more rocks. Emma aimed directly for Henry, hitting him in the forehead a few times, causing him to bleed. Blood trailed down the side of her forehead as Vic and Belch began backing away.

"Fuck this."

"Fuck outta here!"

"Fuck you, losers!" Vic cried as him and Belch retreated, leaving Henry alone. Henry lied on the ground, in a daze as he continued to stare down Emma. The group panted as they stared at the defeated Henry.

"Stan, help Mike up and get him out of here." Emma ordered. Stan nodded and helped the limping Mike to his feet. The group besides Richie and Emma, leaving. "Don't you ever talk about my brother or my mother ever again. Do you understand me?" Emma spat. Her voice dripped with venom. Henry's eyes darkened, realizing she sounded just like Kurt did the time at the arcade. "I said do you

understand me!?" She growled. Henry looked away, scoffing. Emma shook her head and walked a little past Richie.

"Go blow your Dad, you mullet-wearing asshole!" He yelled as he flipped off Henry Bowers with two hands. Emma smiled as Richie swung his arm over her shoulder, making her giggle. The Losers' walked in a field by the barrens, a passing train behind them.

"Thanks, guys, but you shouldn't have done that. They'll be after you guys, too, now." Mike mumbled. Emma chuckled.

"Oh, no, no, no. Bowers? He's always after us. Hell, Emma's mom is dating his dad." Emma shot Eddie a dirty look from the back of the line. Rylee looked back, her eyes locking with Emma's. She looked back at Rylee causing Rylee then looked down as the group continued to walk. Emma hated that sympathetic look. From Rylee, from anyone. No one should ever have to feel sorry for her.

"I guess that's one th-th-thing w-we have in common." Bill added.

"Yeah, Homeschool. Welcome to the Losers' Club." Richie welcomed.

"Hey Mike, why don't you tell us a bit about yourself?" Emma asked as they walked towards their bikes.

"I would but, I have to get back home. My grandfather would have a fit if he saw that I'm not home after deliveries." Emma frowned for a second.

"You live next to Henry, don't you?" Emma questioned, concern, dripping in her voice as Mike nodded.

"Don't worry, I'll be okay." Emma hesitantly nodded. Mike smiled as he lifted his bike up, off the ground.

"Why don't you come with us to the movies tomorrow?" Richie asked abruptly. Emma looked back at him, slightly surprised. "We were supposed to go to the arcade today but, had a change of plans. How about we all go to the movies tomorrow?" Emma was the first to eagerly nod. She grinned at Richie as everyone else agreed.

"It's settled then, we'll meet at the theater!" Rylee squealed, out of excitement. Mike smiled and with a wave, he took off.

The group began riding to their homes. As Rylee and Emma stopped at Rylee's house, Richie stopped as well as Eddie continued. Stan nodded at Richie, and went inside his own house.

"So are we meeting up earlier here or at the Diner?" He asked. Emma tilted her head with a confused look.

"Diner, what do you mean?" She questioned, causing Richie to frown. Did she really already forget? He adjusted his glasses up the bridge of his nose and shrugged. Emma smirked. "I'm kidding Doofus." Richie's

eyes brightened up as he couldn't conceal the smile spreading across his lips. Emma shrugged. "I guess we can meet there," she finally answered as she looked up at the sky. The sky changed colors from the beautiful blue she knew to a mix of orange, pink and purple.

"I'll see you tomorrow then, Em." He smiled as Eddie yelled at him from up the street.

"Hurry the fuck up, Rich!" Emma smiled as she tucked her hair behind her ear.

"Oooh!" Rylee cooed as she bumped Emma's shoulder. Emma rolled her eyes.

"Shut up!"

THE NEXT DAY

"Shit!" Emma cursed as she pedaled quickly down the road. "Fuck, fuck, fuck! I'm late!" She made it to the diner, throwing her bike down on the ground. She looked inside the diner and noticed Richie sitting in a booth with a disappointed look as he banged on the table with his thumbs. He wore one of his Hawaiian shirts that she loved. A girl had walked in to the watched as Richie's face light up, then changing back to his same disappointed look. She sighed and ran in, watching his face light up again, instead of fading into a disappointed look, his face contorted with annoyance.

"Geez, Dweeb. Took you long enough!" Emma lowered her head as she sat across from him in the booth.

"I'm sorry, Rich. I couldn't get Mr. Walker to stop talking to me. He gave me some cash though for the movies." She quickly apologized. He shook his head as he grinned.

"Money? For me? You shouldn't have!" He joked as the waitress came by.

"Hi, sweethearts, my name is Sam, what can I get you two today?"

"I don't have a lot of-" Richie started.

"Can we get two strawberry milkshakes and two burgers with fries?" Emma cut him off. Sam nodded and quickly wrote down the order and smiled sweetly which Emma returned the same sweet smile.

"I was gonna say we can share a milkshake! Emma I don't have that kind of money." Richie exclaimed. Emma shrugged.

"Mr. Walker gave me a little extra." Richie pulled out his money from his pocket and motioned for Emma to take it. She simply shook her head and smiled. "I got it covered, Rich. Really." He groaned in defeat

as he shoved the money back in his pocket. There was no arguing with Emma when she was set on something and he knew this well. The two talked about the other day and how funny the look on Henry's face was when his friends ran off. The milkshakes arrived and Emma happily swayed as she took her sips. She always did a little dance whenever she ate or whenever she had something sweet. Richie smiled as he felt his heart skip a beat. He took a sip of his milkshake as well, hoping she didn't notice the redness spreading across his cheeks. She didn't.

"You know, you probably really pissed him off." He said. The redness disappearing. Emma looked up and raised an eyebrow.

"I'm sure we all did. If he sees us, we're dead." She chuckled dryly. Richie shook his head.

"No, not that. What you said." Emma looked up thoughtfully.

"I'm pretty sure you pissed him off too with what you said." She laughed as she shook her head. "Go blow your dad, you mullet-wearing asshole!" She mimicked then she flicked Richie off with both hands. Richie rolled his eyes, shaking his head as the burgers came.

"Enjoy!" Sam said in her chipper voice.

"No!" He was now laughing. "What you said, you know. When you got mad and told him not to talk about Kurt or your mom." Emma nodded, motioning for him to go on. "You sounded like Kurt. He said something really similar when me and the guys first met him." Emma looked at Richie. "He said something to Henry like, 'You leave these kids and my little sister alone. Do you understand me?' and then Henry pissed himself." Richie laughed at the memory. "It was fucking hilarious. Kurt scared him that bad!" Emma smiled softly as Richie laughed. She loved the way he laughed. She loved the fact that she reminded him a little of Kurt. She liked when he'd bring up memories of Kurt, him the boys shared together. She looked down at her burger and took a bite. Richie began devouring his, making her laugh. "Hey, Em?" He called as she looked up. She hummed, taking another bite. His plate was empty and he had a serious look on his face. "Do you really think the clown in your dreams is the same clown Eddie and Bill saw?" Emma sat in silence for a moment. The clowns laugh echoed in her mind. Shivers went down her spine.

"Y-yeah." She stuttered. Richie's eyebrows knitted together in concern. Emma rarely stuttered like that. Did it really scare her that bad? He was scared of clowns himself but still.

"Hey-"

"What are you guys doing here!?" Eddie screeched from the front of the Diner as he rushed over. Ben, Mike, Bill, and Beverly behind him. Beverly winked as Emma sent a pleading look for her to stop. "Are you guys on a date!?" Eddie screeched again. Emma began choking on a fry.

"No!" She shouted as she looked over at Richie for support. Instead he wiggled his eyebrows and Emma face palmed. "Oh boy." Eddie threw an arm over Richie, getting him into a head lock as Emma scooted over for Bill and Beverly to sit.

"Fucking knock it off, ya little shit!" Richie cried as Eddie began tightening his grip. Emma laughed as Richie tried tearing Eddie's arm off of him. Beverly took a few fries as Mike tried getting Eddie off of Richie as he began laughing himself. Emma watched as Ben and Bill watch Beverly in a trance. The love triangle.

"Where's Ry?" Emma asked, finishing her burger. She also noticed Stan was missing. "And Stan?" Emma questioned.

"Probably bumping uglies as we speak! Never knew Stan the Man had it in him!" Richie replied as he wiped a fake tear with one finger. Emma stuck out her tongue in disgust, shaking her head. Beverly rolled her eyes with a chuckle.

"She's buying the tickets. Her dad gave her enough to get all of us in to the movies." She explained.

"Yup, Mr. Walker, is a generous man." Emma chuckled. Rylee and Stan burst through the Diner doors.

"Didn't I tell you guys to leave Richie and Emma alone on their date!" Rylee exclaimed, pulling up a chair. Stan did the same as he smiled at Rylee.

"It's not a date!" Emma argued as she threw a fry at Rylee, who simply picked it up and ate it. "Richie said you and Stan were, what was it Rich?"

"Bumping uglies!" Richie chimed in as he shoved Eddie away with the palm of his hand. Emma grinned back at Rylee and Stan, who flushed red.

"I'm gonna kill the bastard!" Rylee exclaimed as she lunged at Richie. Emma laughed even harder, temporarily choking on a fry. The group of nine laughed as they threw fries at each other, eating whatever was thrown at them. Emma looked over and noticed the worried expression on Sam's face as an angry short man seemingly yelled at her, pointing at the group.

"Hey guys, the movies starting soon, we should get some popcorn and

stuff and get some good seats." Emma suggested. Everyone nodded and the group began piling out. Emma stayed behind and picked up the fries that landed on the ground. Eddie poked his head back in.

"You coming, Emma?" He asked as he watched her clean up the table, stacking hers and Richie's plate on top of each other.

"Yeah! Go ahead, I'll meet you guys there." Emma smiled. Eddie smiled back and nodded. "Oh and Eddie?" Eddie poked his head back in. "Mind getting me a Twix candy bar? I'll pay ya back." He nodded eagerly, remembering it was her favorite candy and returned to the group. Sam walked over and blinked in surprise.

"You didn't have to do all of this!" Emma smiled at the teen.

"I saw you getting in trouble, I didn't want you to get in to anymore. My friends and I got a little wild, so I thought it'd be nice to give you a break." Emma smiled at the waitress and rummaged through her pockets, pulling out a five dollar bill.

"It's not much but, here you go. Thank you." Sam's eyes watered.

"Thank you Ems." Sam's voice was different for a second. It sounded familiar. Emma's eyes widened in horror.

"What did you say?" Emma questioned.

"I said thank you Miss." Sam repeated. Her voice was back to its normal cheery voice. Emma nodded as she hesitantly headed out of the Diner, Emma took one last look and saw Sam's hands were covered with white gloves. A horrid smile on her face. Emma felt her chest tighten as Sam waved. "Come again Ems!" The voice didn't belong to Sam but the fucking clown. Emma darted out the Diner. She grabbed her bike and ran with it down the street, not turning back again. Emma arrived at the movie theater and ran inside seeing her friends at the concession stands. She stared at the ground as Eddie approached her.

"Here's your Twix, Emma-woah are you okay? You look like you've seen a ghost!" He exclaimed. She snapped back to reality and looked over at the boy and nodded.

"I'm fine." The group ran over to the screen room, running up the stairs to take their seats by the balcony-like area. Sitting closest to the railing was Richie, Emma, Eddie and Mike, Behind them was Stan, Rylee, Ben, Beverly and Bill. The movie started and Emma held the popcorn. Every one reaching over for a handful every now and then. The movie was about a teenage werewolf. It was supposed to be scary but Emma laughed every now and then Rylee reached over for a handful of popcorn and accidentally knocked it out of Emma's

hands. Emma looked down to see the popcorn had landed on Henry and his goons, over the balcony.

"Fuck." She mumbled as she looked back. "I think we should go now." She nervously said. The row of five behind her looked at each other.

"Yeah, like now." Richie added as he looked back. "Bowers is going to fucking kill us." The group quickly jumped up and ran, Eddie knocking over a soda over the edge, landing once again on none other than Henry Bowers.

"I'll fucking kill you all!" He screamed. The group laughed as they ran out the theater grabbing their bikes. The nine peddled down the road as they noticed Henry and his goons searching frantically outside the theater.

"Who would have guessed they would have been at the movies too." Mike laughed.

"Yeah, yeah! Did you see my soda land on him! Hilarious!" Eddie grinned. Emma nodded.

"And when Rylee knocked the popcorn out of my hands!" The group laughed as they peddled circles around one another. Emma smiled at all of the smiling faces. These were the best of times with the best of friends.

She couldn't have been more grateful. She almost forgot about the incident at the Diner. Almost.

A/N: I worked so hard on this chapter and pretty content with how it came out and hope you all were too! Thank you for sticking by me on this crazy story. I have already made notes of each chapter up until the end and well, I'd say expect another eighteen chapters or so! I have already decided that I WILL continue and do IT Chapter Two because it would be a shame not too! I'm already coming up with ideas for it, and I'm super excited.

I also wanted to say a HUGEEEE thank you to the reviews.

Guest: More is coming, I promise!

waterlily91: This seriously means the absolute WORLD to me. I'm glad this story is drawing you in, and I genuinely hope that it continues to do so.

Keep the reviews coming guys, they seriously inspire me to keep this fic going. With this being said, I also want to address that there will be chapters that may slow the story down just a little bit. In the movie it may not seem like it but we have to remember this all didn't

happen in the span of a few days. So I will be adding chapters that aren't just associated with the script because I want to build with my OC's and things of that sort and make it seem that it's not rushed. So bare with me! There's lots to uncover. I love you guys! Thanks again for sticking around and please continue to do so! Tell me what ya think!